



"The new comic that I
most look forward to
reading each month."

-Brian K. Vaughan
(SAGA, PAPER GIRLS)

Ice Cream Man™

W. Maxwell Prince

Martín Morazzo

Chris O'Halloran

volume two





VOLUME TWO

• STRANGE NEAPOLITAN •

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"...all knowledge is a borrowing and every fact is a debt. For each event is revealed to us only at the surrender of every alternate course."

—**Cormac McCarthy**, *Cities of the Plain*

What's your emergency?
Email wmaxwellprince@gmail.com

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Ballad of a Falling Man

Chapter Five



About thirty miles outside of town...

Here I go...



...down to the
very bottom.



One hundred floors and
then it's *bye-bye*, Bill.



What did the
smiling man say
before he turned
into a vulture?



That's right...

"LICKETY *SPLAT*,
JUST LIKE THAT."

Just like that.

Only eighty-nine
floors to go...

"There's a *buzzard*
in the boardroom and
it's eating Mr. Mulligan's
brains..."



No, a buzzard. Like the bird.

Donna...

Well I don't know, Bob. I hadn't thought to ask it.

Donna, get off the phone.

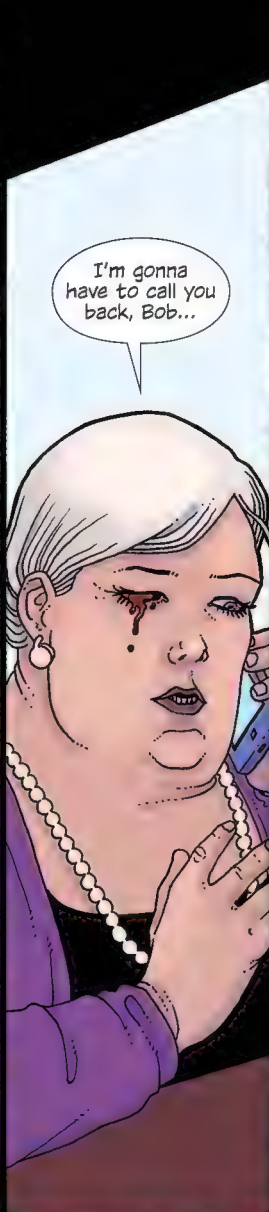
We need to go!

I'm not going anywhere until I get my backpay.

I don't care if it's Noah's whole ark in here!

Donna, please just--

SQIAWK!





Or maybe it's Valerie,
I don't know.



People are
all the same:



He said...



...he said there
was something
sweet inside
me.

Like a
Cadbury
Egg.

W-was
he right?




**WAS HE
RIGHT?!**

Or maybe
it's Vanessa?


Full of fear and regret
and junk food and
oxygenated blood.

Who's to say?





Before I'm flattened
on the sidewalk, I
suppose I'd like to
get a few *things*
off my chest.




Floor 71:
I have *two*
mistresses.

And I love
them *both*.

A free-fall
confession--

Forgive me,
Father, for I have
no parachute!

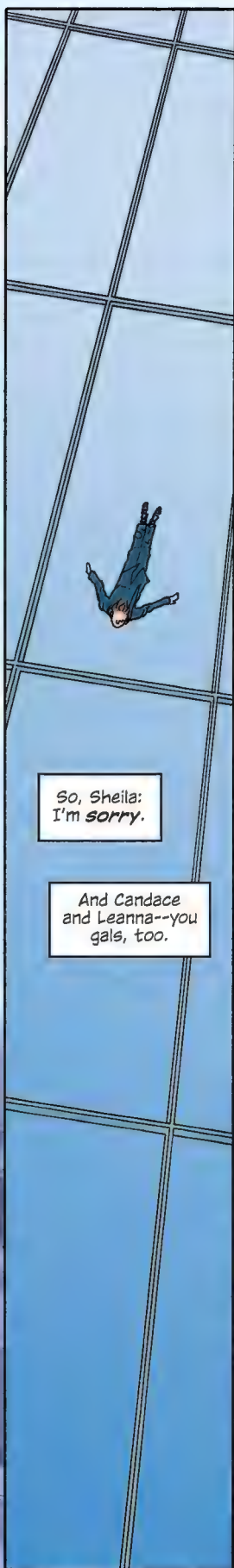


What's worse:
I love my *wife*,
too.



I'm a *wellspring*
of affection!
My cup runneth
over!

As such, I've
been completely
indiscriminate about
my love and its
transmission to
others.

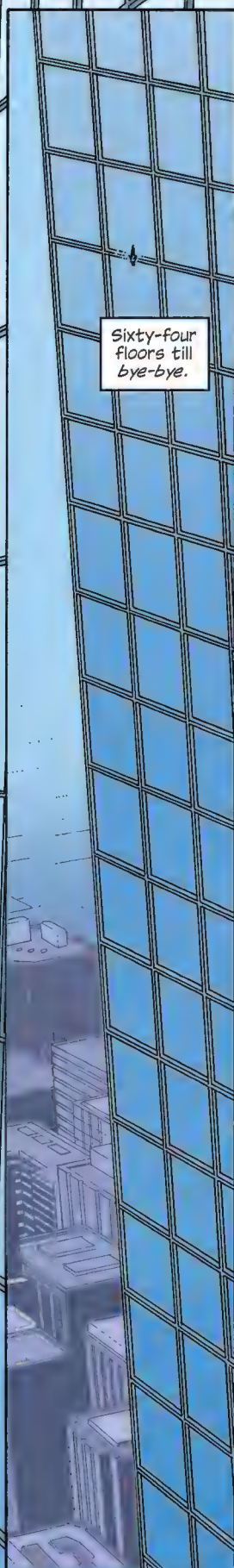


So, Sheila:
I'm *sorry*.

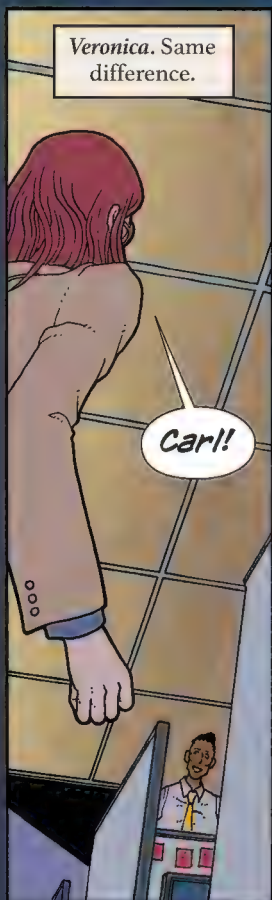
And Candace
and Leanna--you
gals, too.

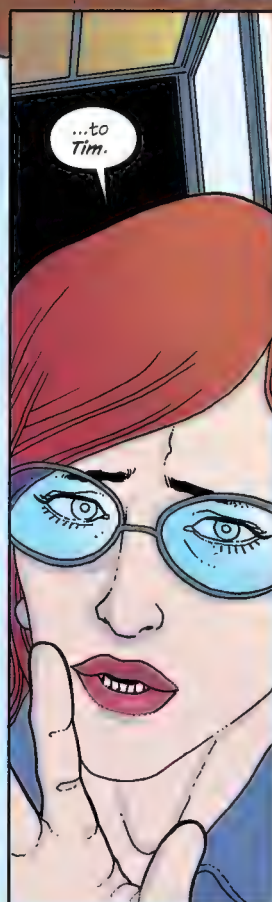
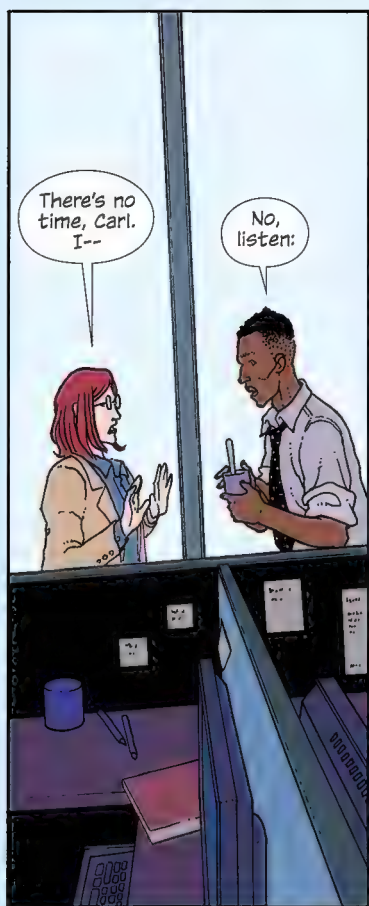
You've all
been lied to,
time and time
again.

So there's
that.

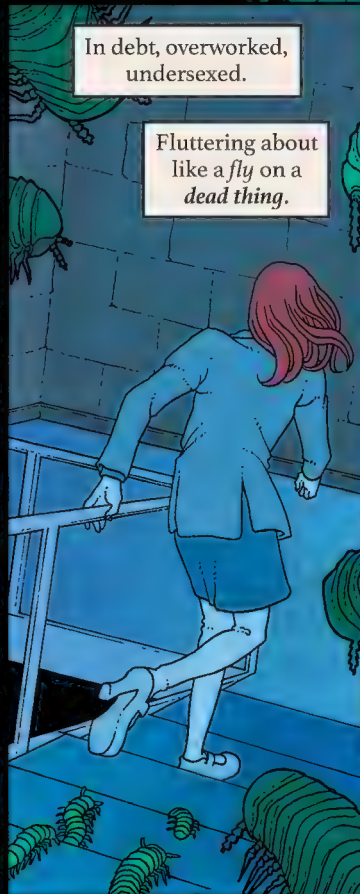


Sixty-four
floors till
bye-bye.





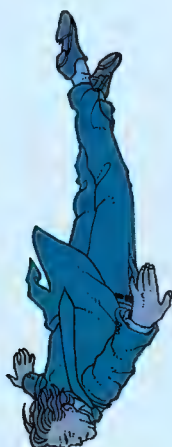




Floor 52's
confession:

As a young
man, I took what
was probably a *very*
dangerous amount
of hallucinogenic
drugs.

Magic
mushrooms,
acid, LSD or
whatever.



I loved--I *still*
love--making my eyes
go dark and filling my
head with color.



Point is: I
sometimes get
the feeling that the
drugs never fully left
my system...

...that I've actually
been *tripping* for
twenty years and
haven't come down.

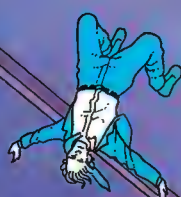


Is it possible I'm not falling at all?



Maybe I jumped from the ground, and I'm actually ascending *UP* the building...

But in reverse.



You see my predicament, right?

It's hard to know what's real...

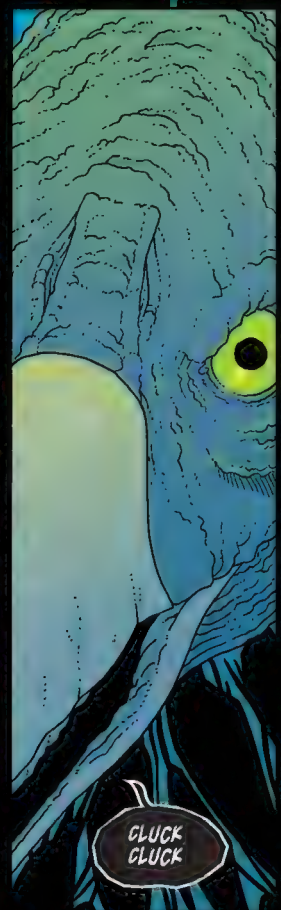
...and what's just your brain chock-full of poison, playing tricks on you.

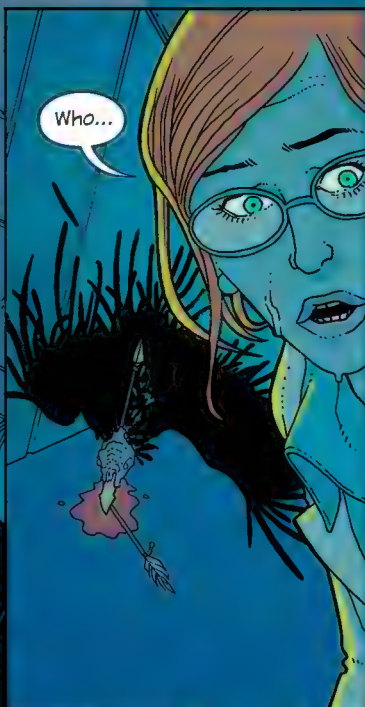
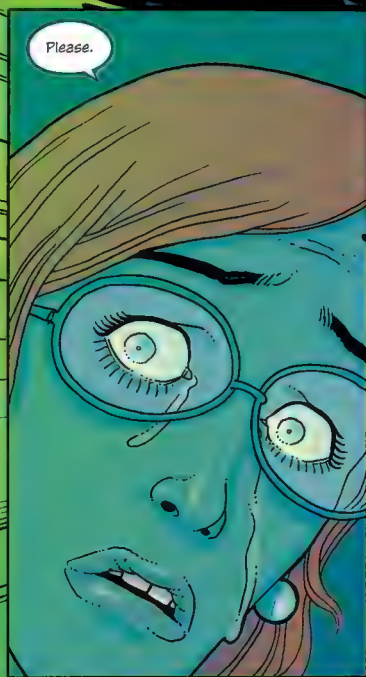


Anyhow, forty-three floors and it's lights out--

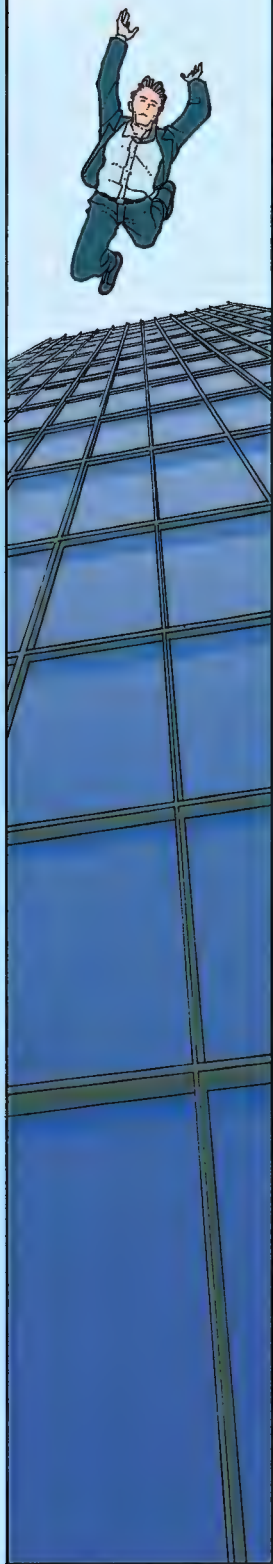
LICKETY SPLAT!



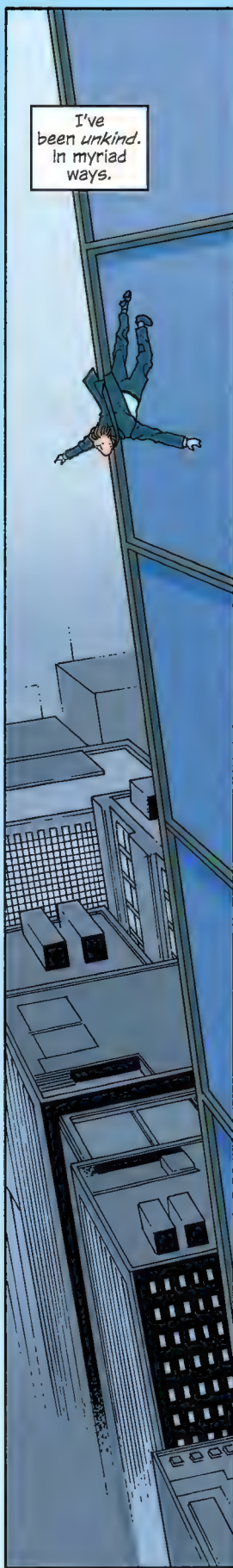




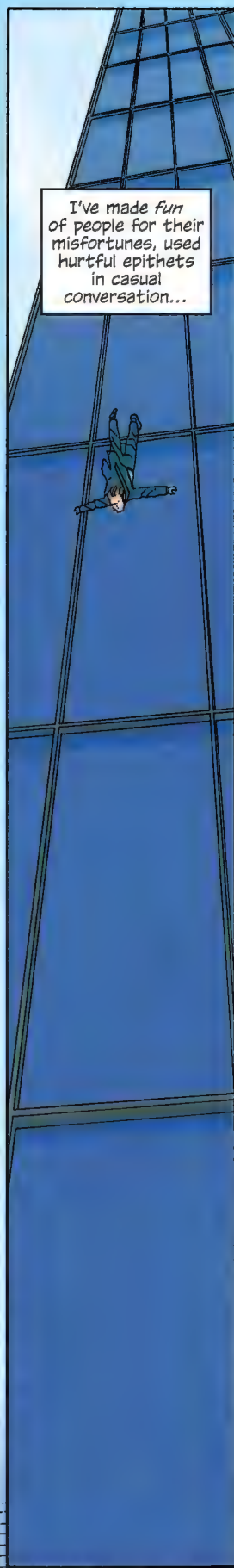
Okay, a final thing
before the ground
crushes my bones
into ten million
pieces:



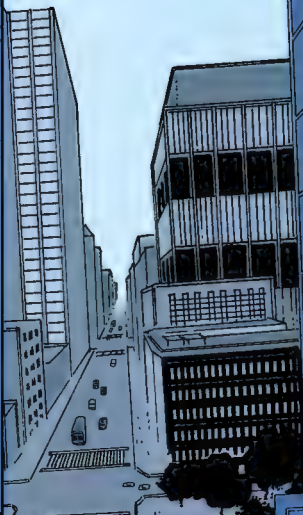
I've
been unkind.
In myriad
ways.



I've made fun
of people for their
misfortunes, used
hurtful epithets
in casual
conversation...



...refused to give
spare change to the
homeless, to disabled
veterans, to people
sick with HIV and
forced to panhandle
desperately on a
crowded subway.





And why?
I...



I have
no idea.

Maybe
I'm a *bad*
person.



But the
thing is: I
don't *feel* like
a bad person.

There's
an abiding
compassion
within me,
deep down...



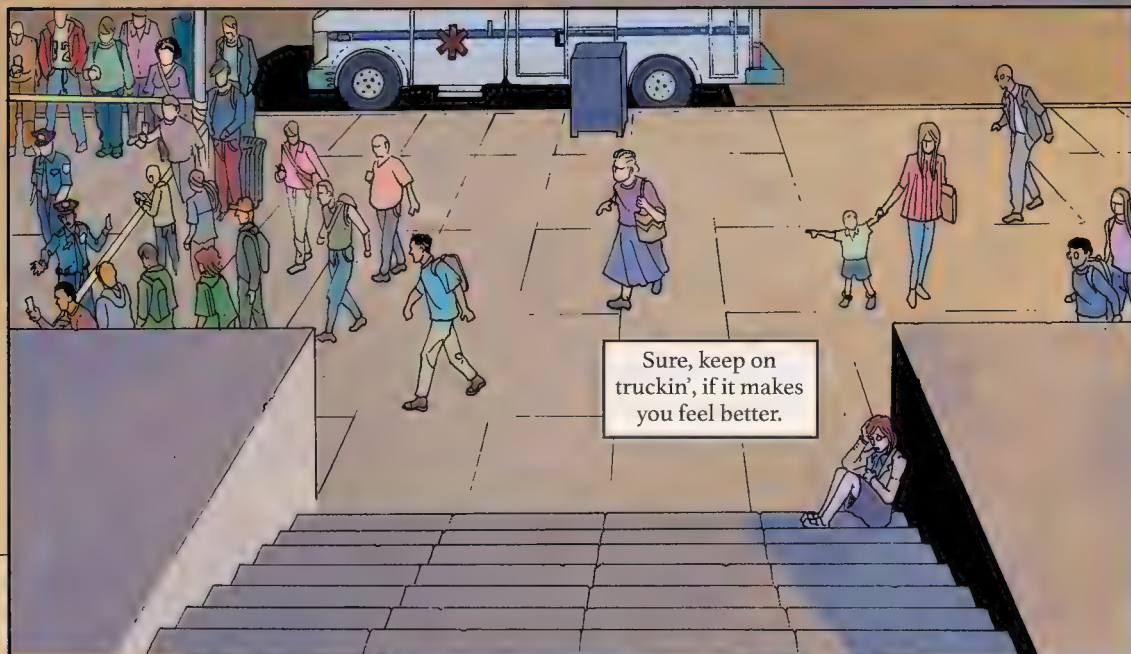
Either
way, know
this:

I'm *sorry*.

I'd do it
different if I
got a second
chance.

That's all.
Bill over and
out.

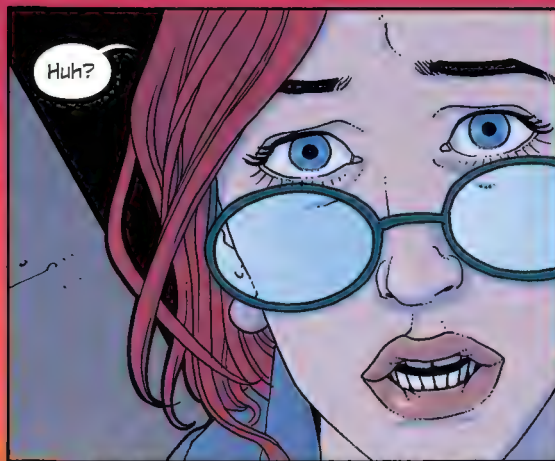






By hook or crook,
the bugs'll get their
supper. It just takes

Shut up,
will ya?



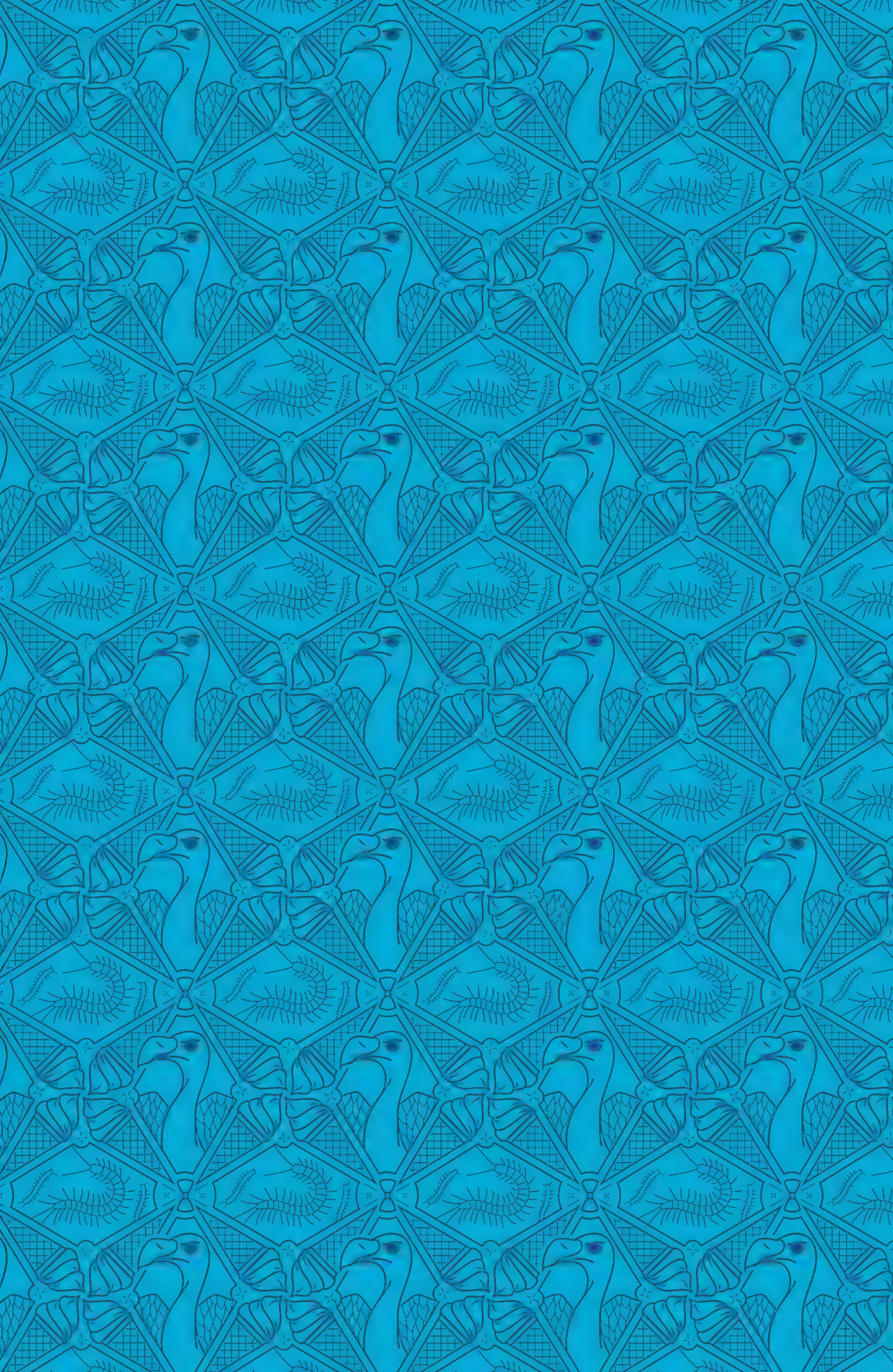
Huh?

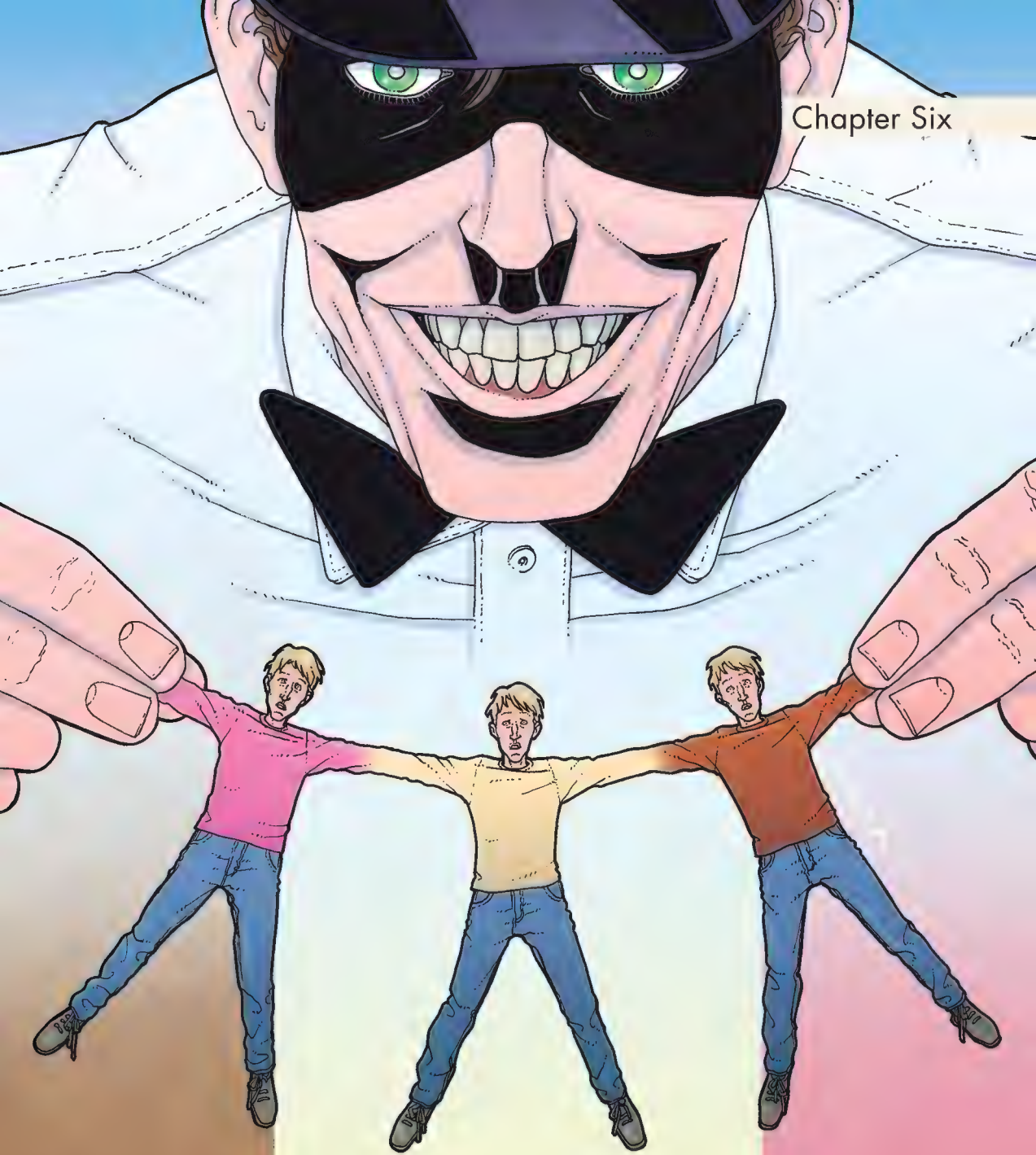


Wasn't
talking to you,
darlin'.

Get
some rest
now.

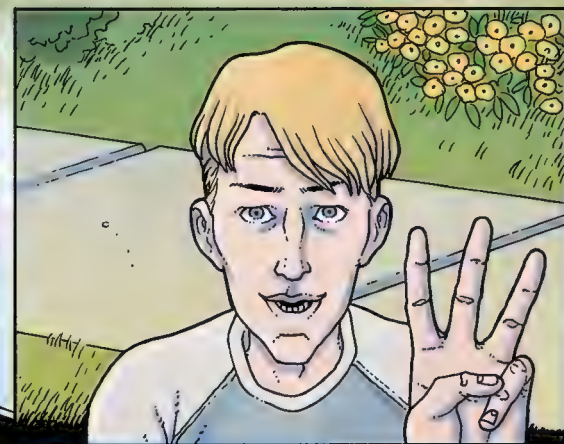
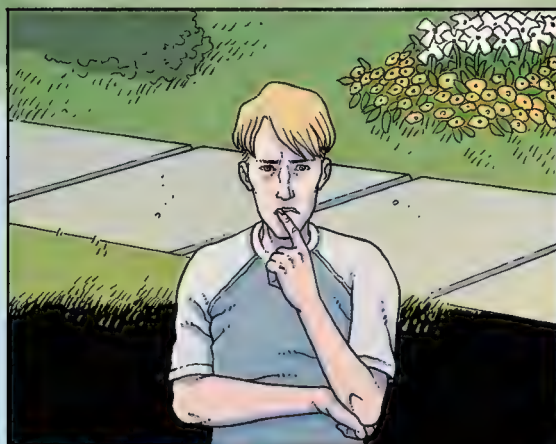
Get some rest now...

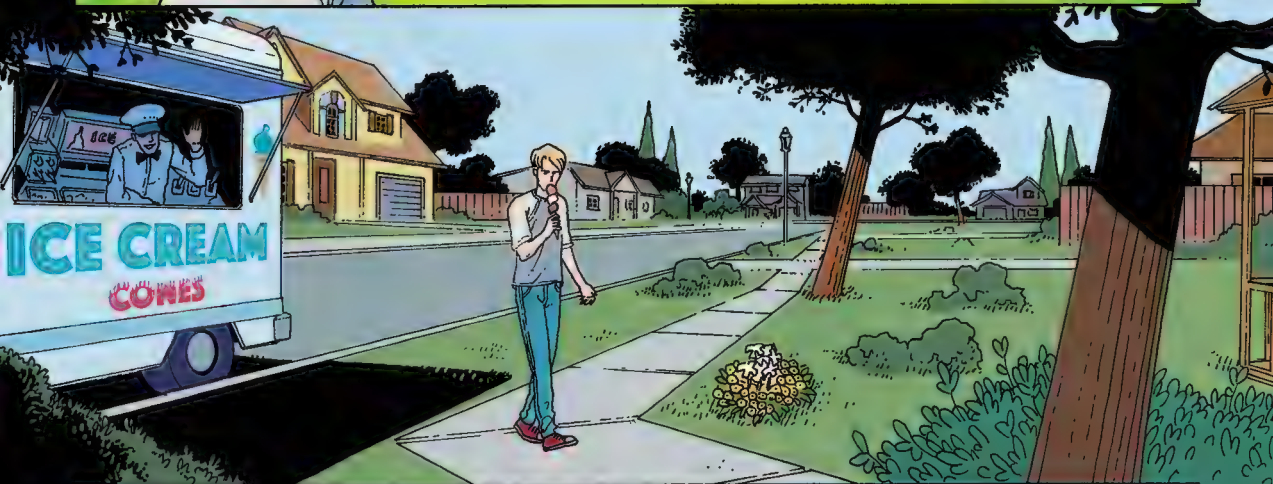
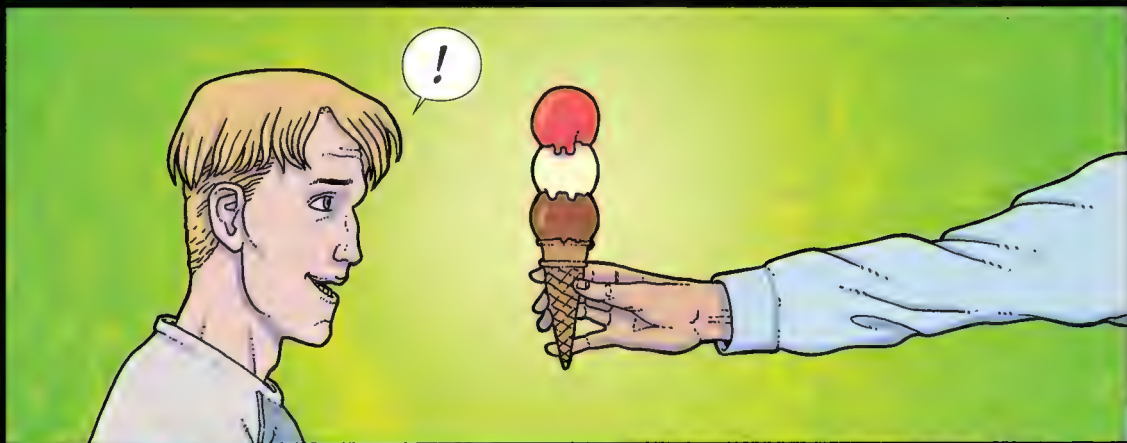




Strange Neapolitan

Shhhh...



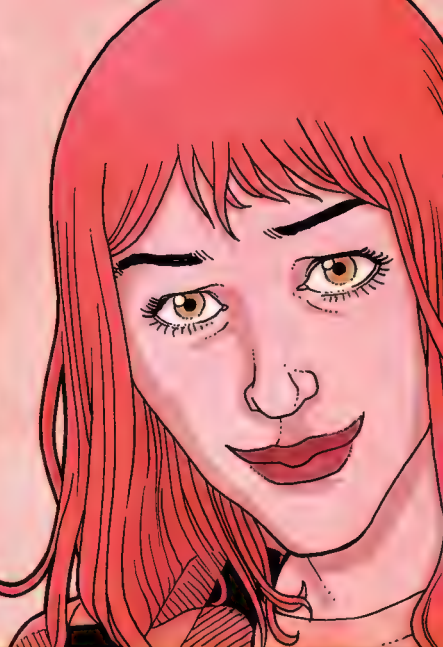


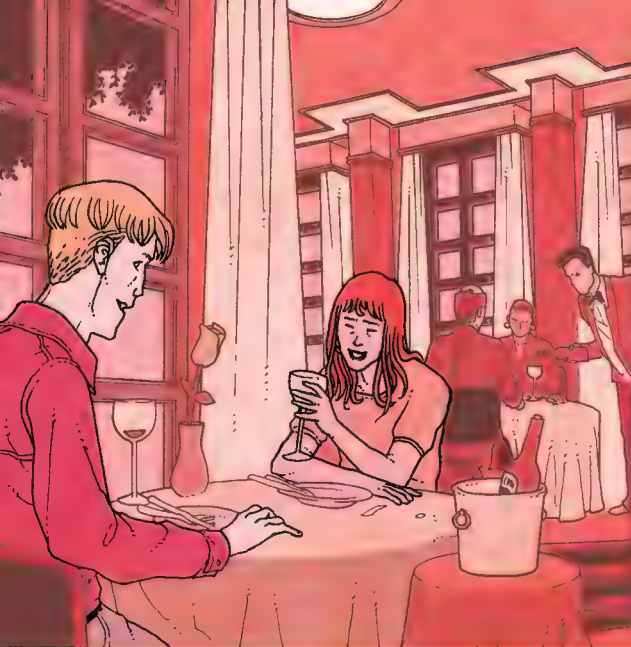


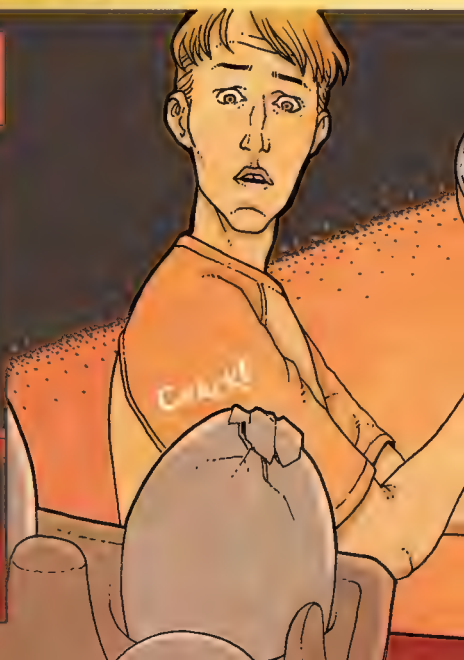
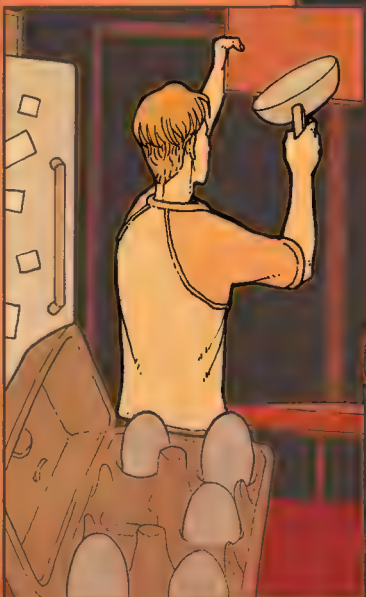
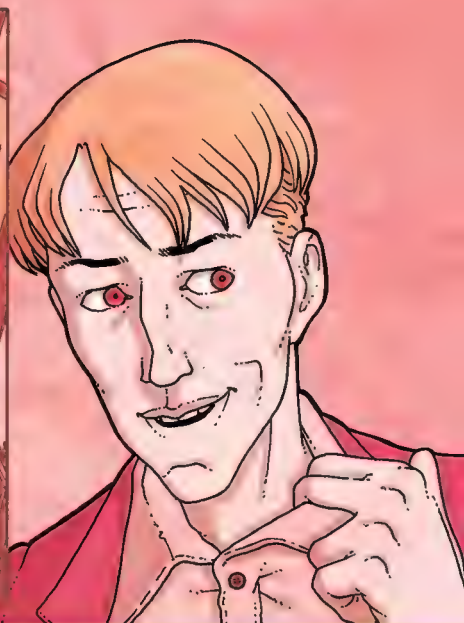
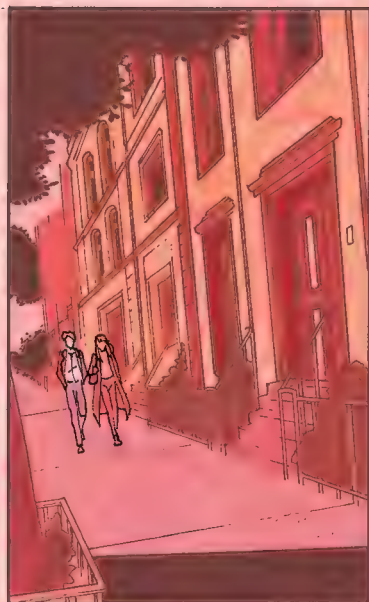


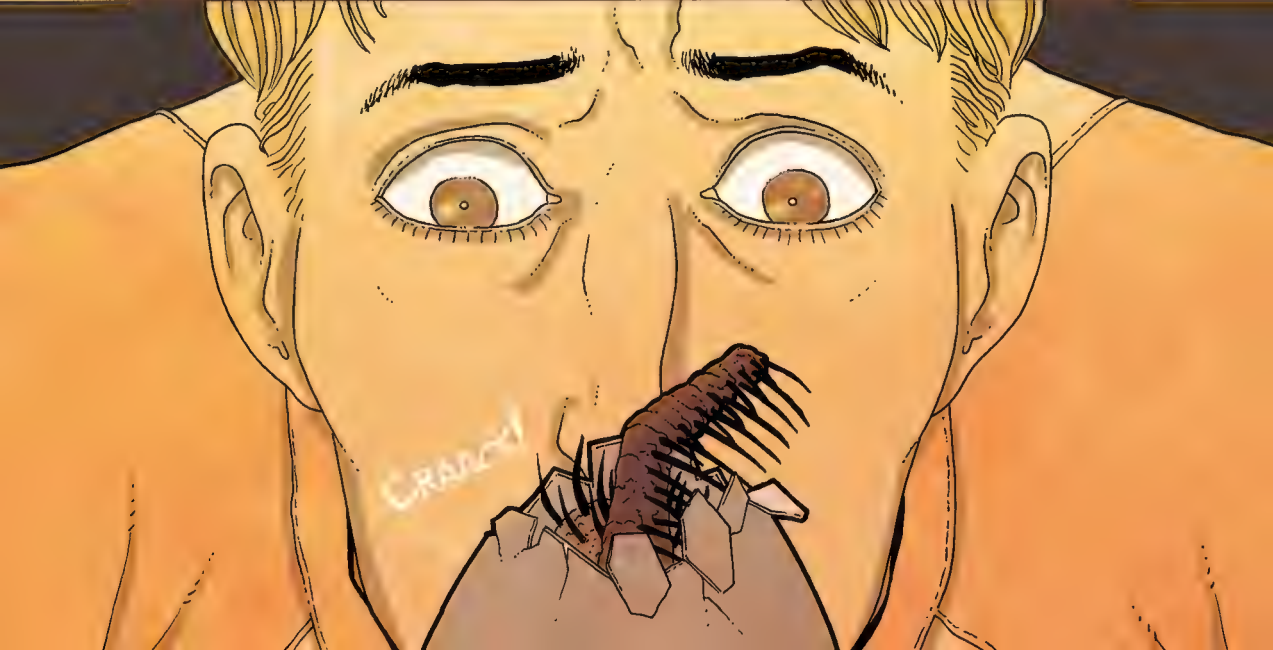
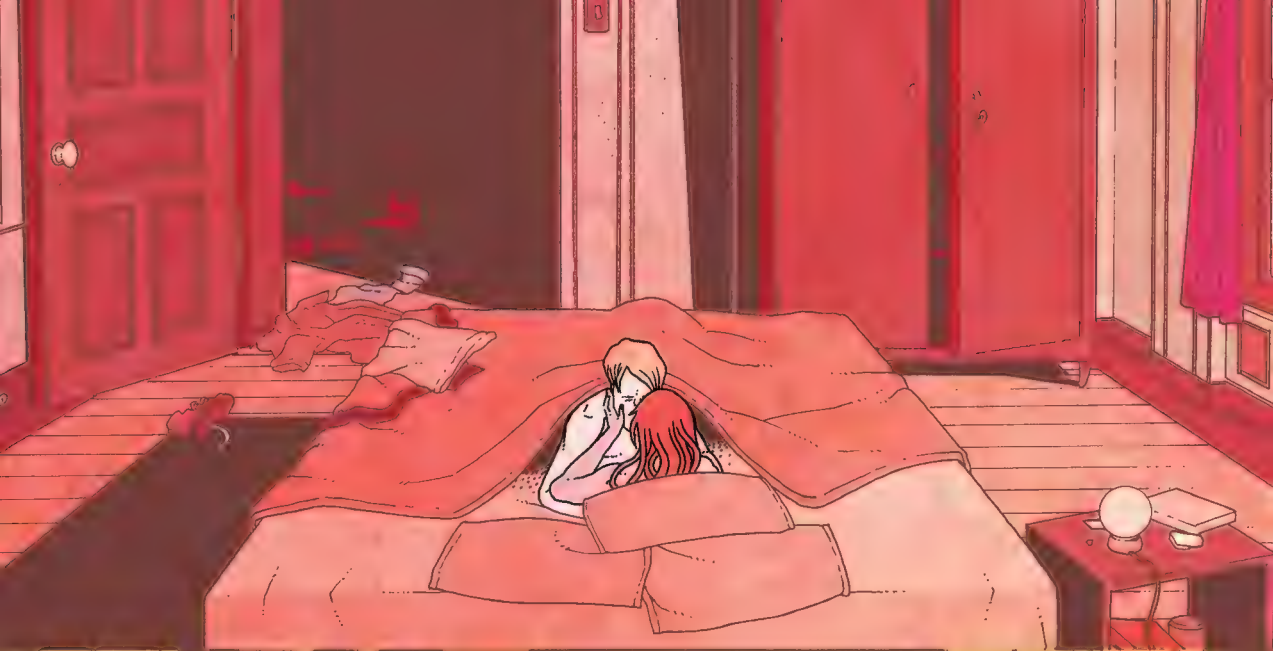


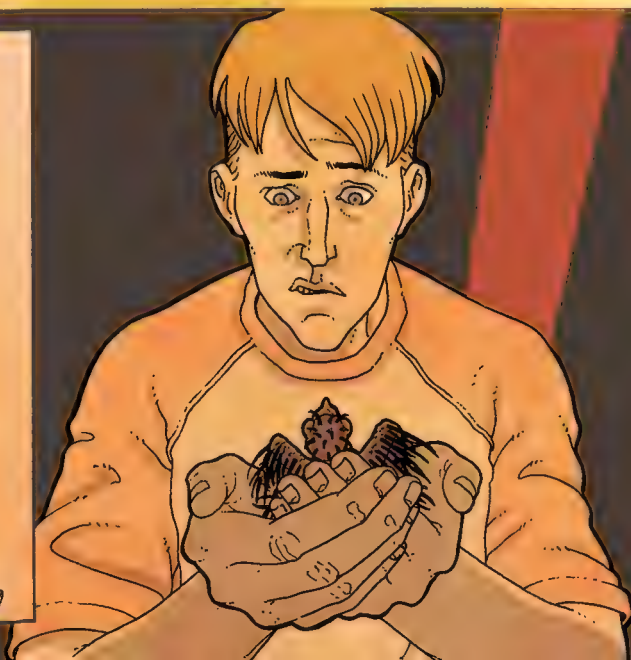
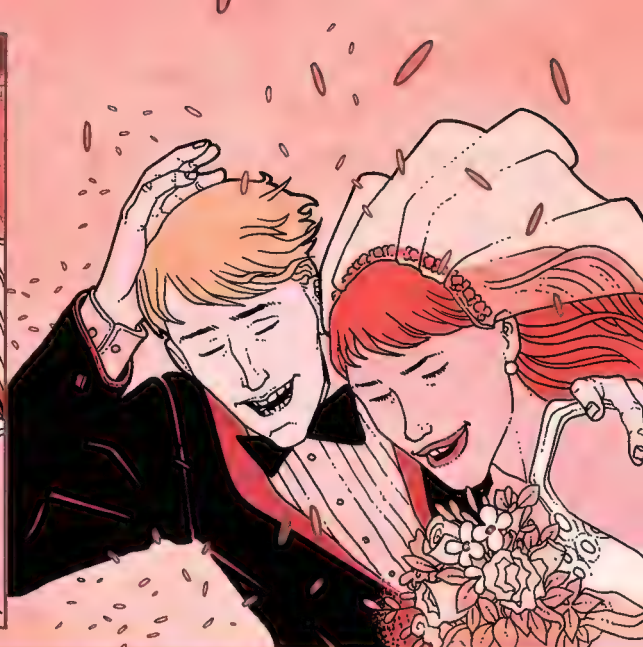


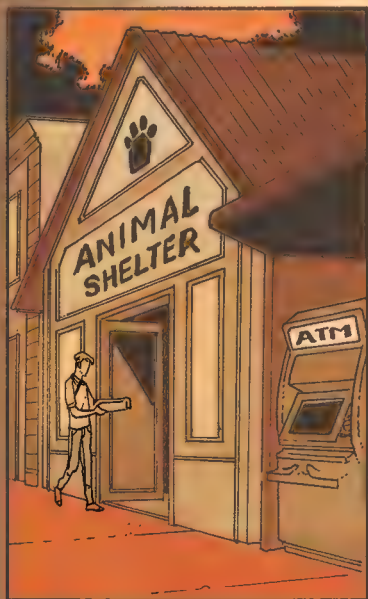
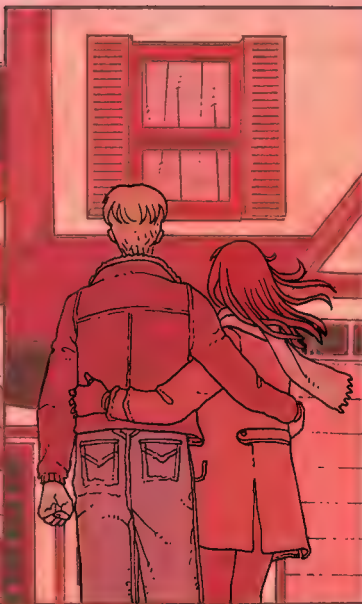


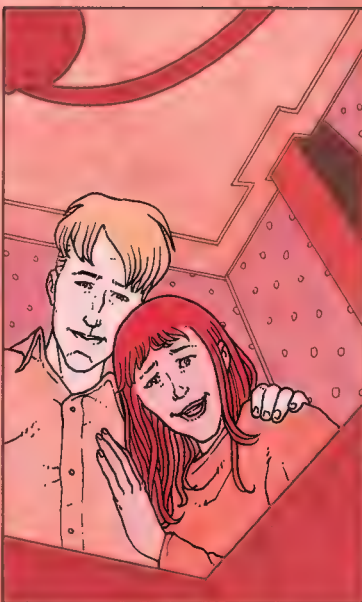
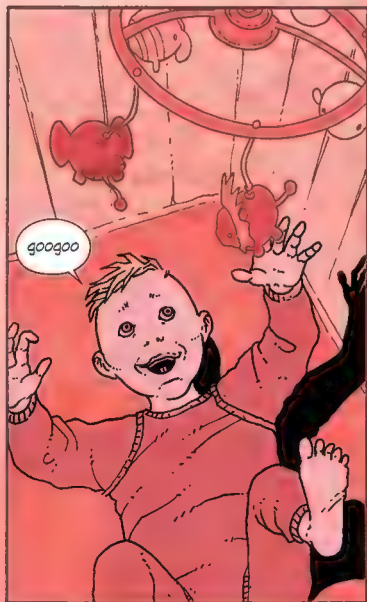


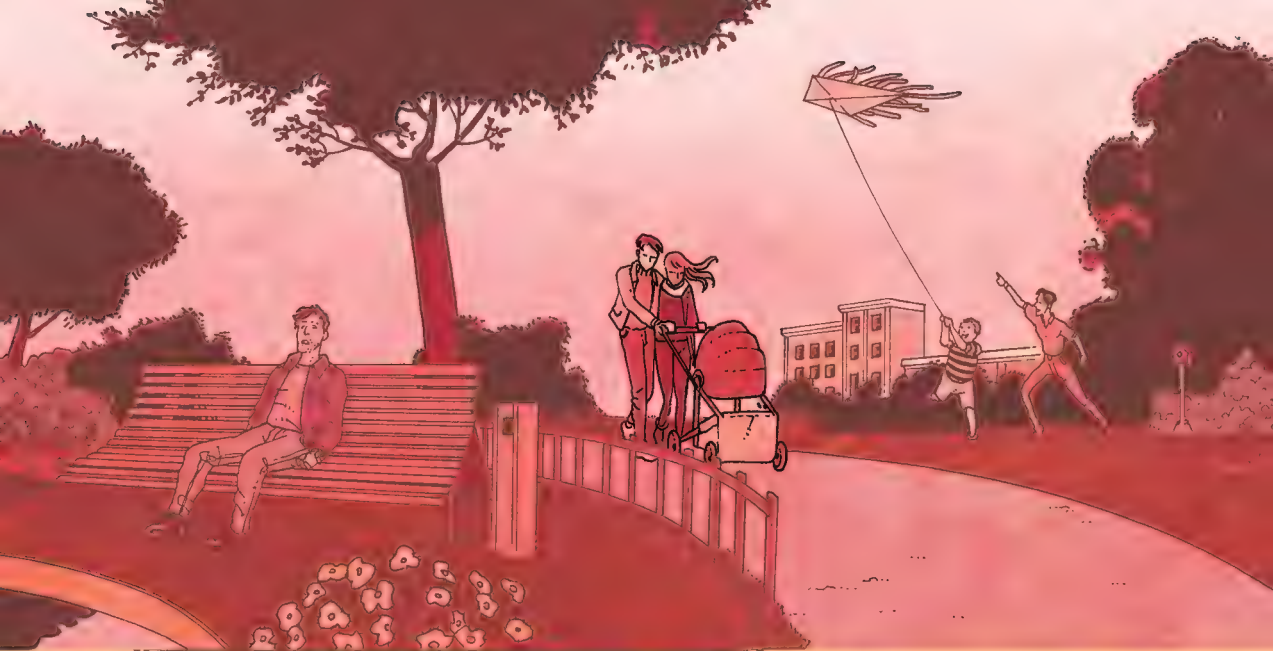


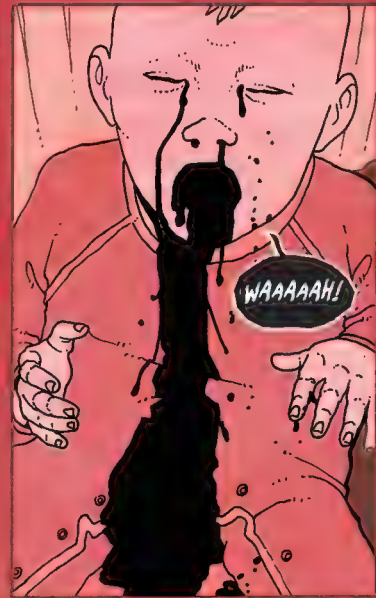




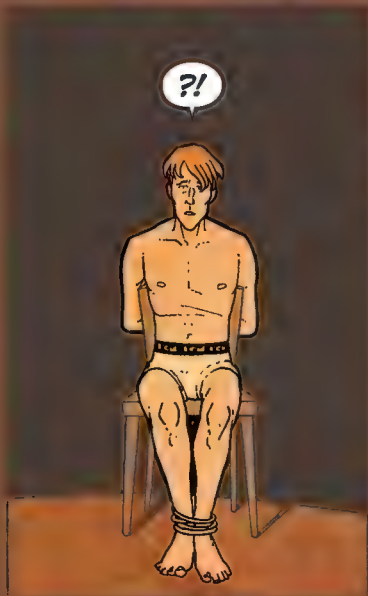
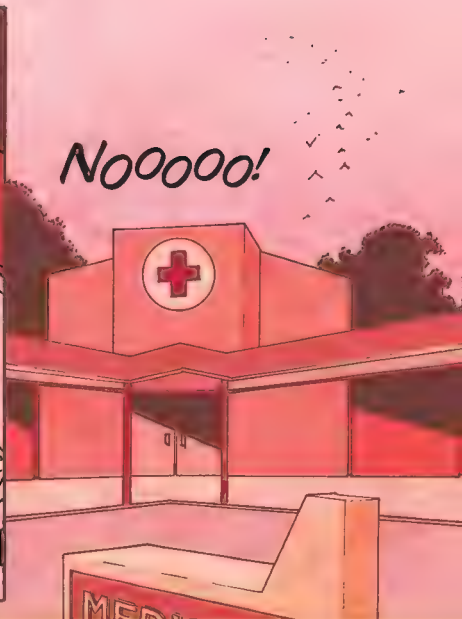


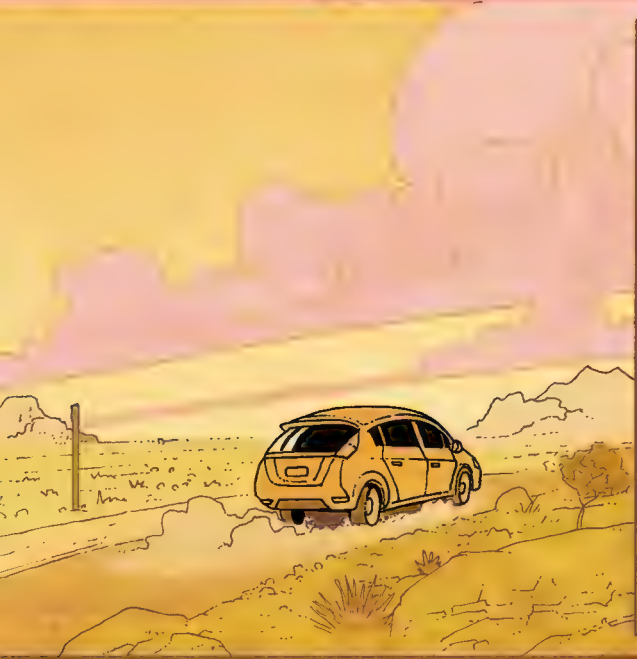


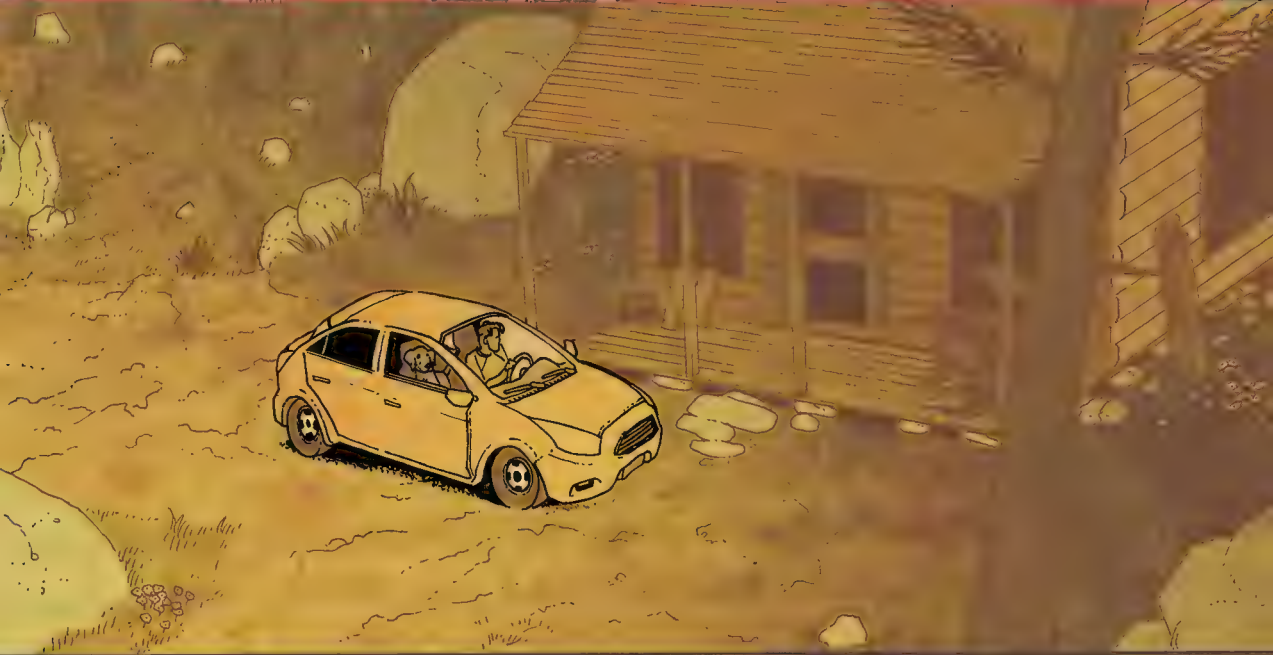






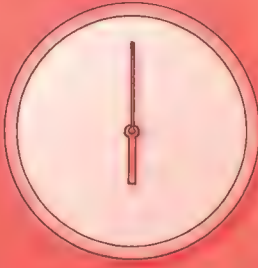




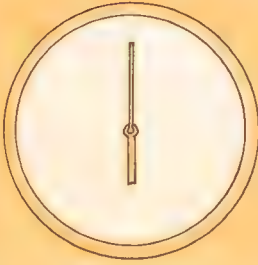




Months...

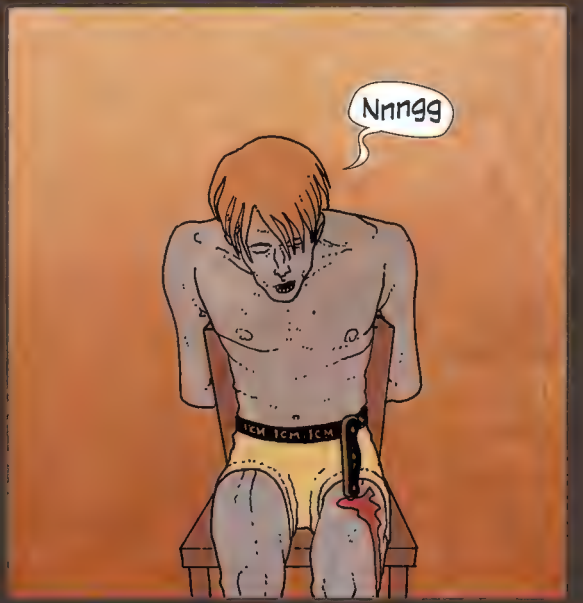
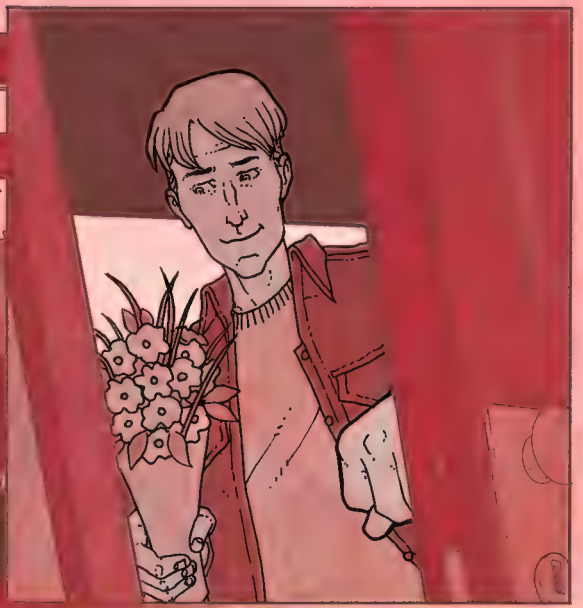


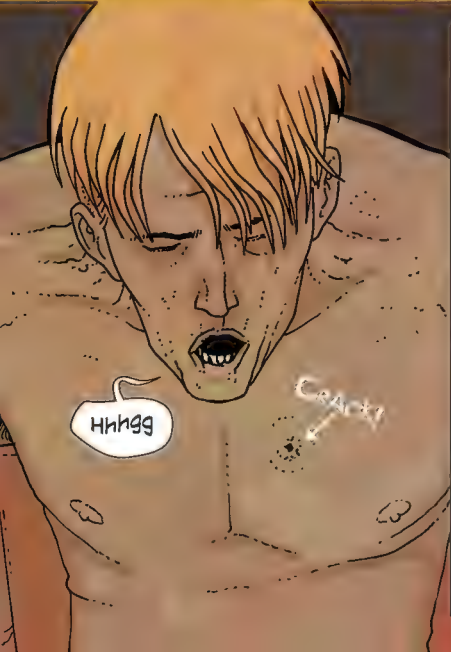
Years...



Days...









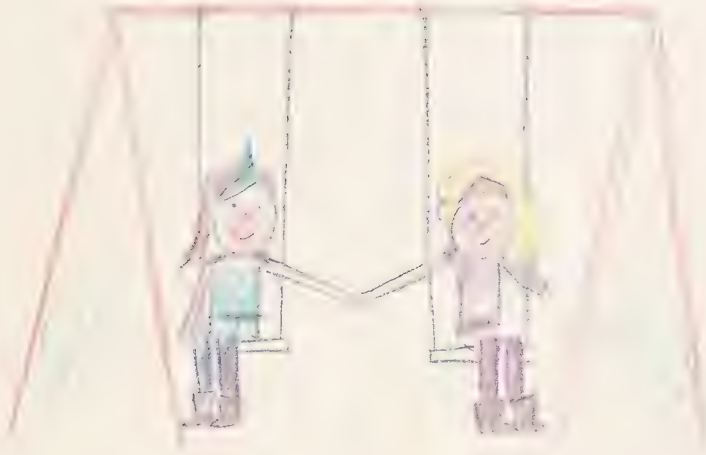


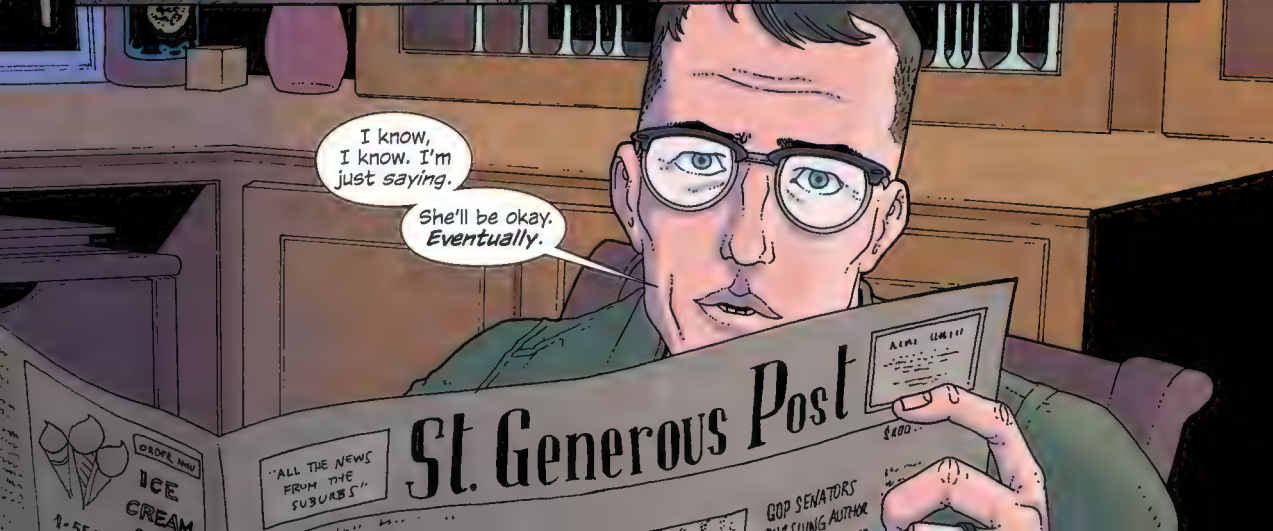
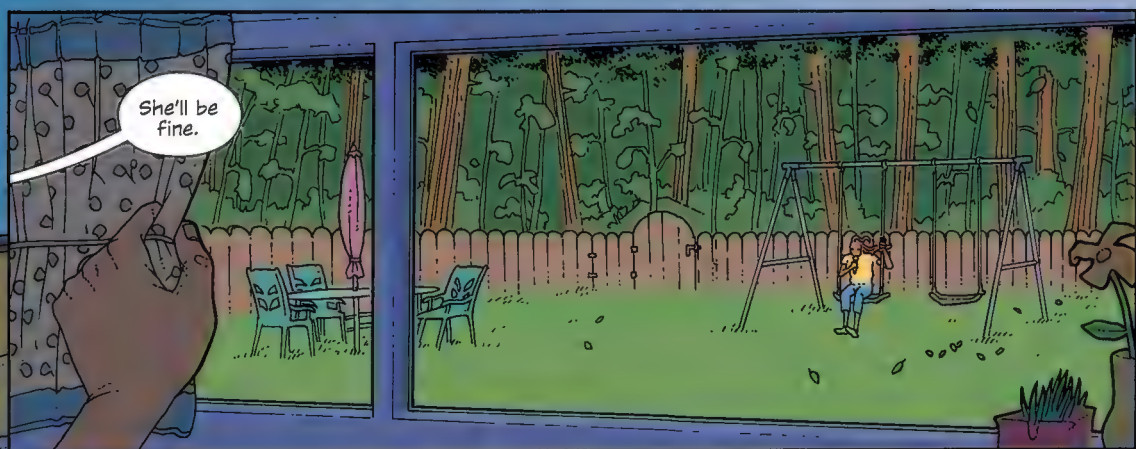


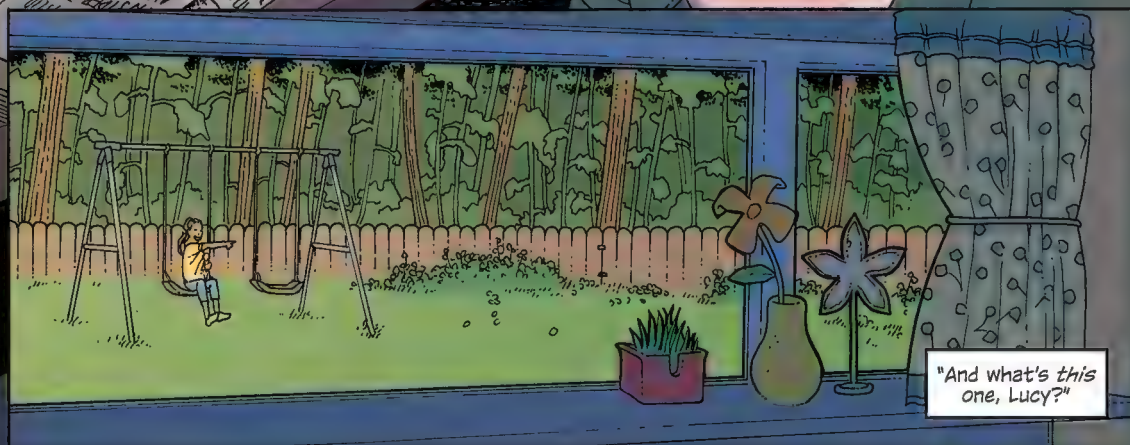


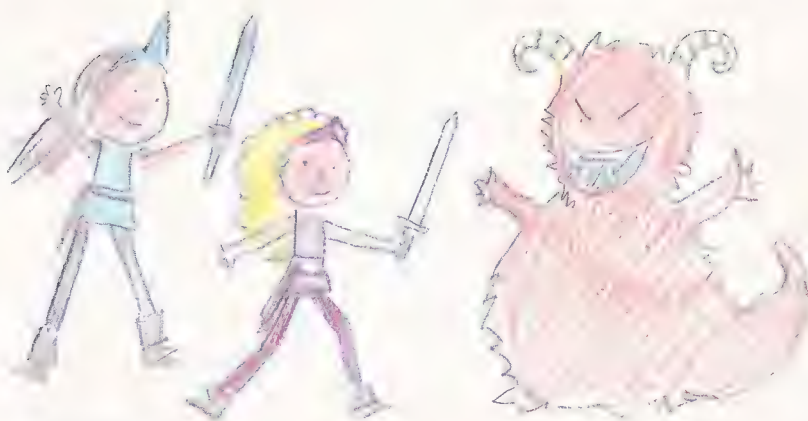
My Little Poltergeist

They were the bestest friends...

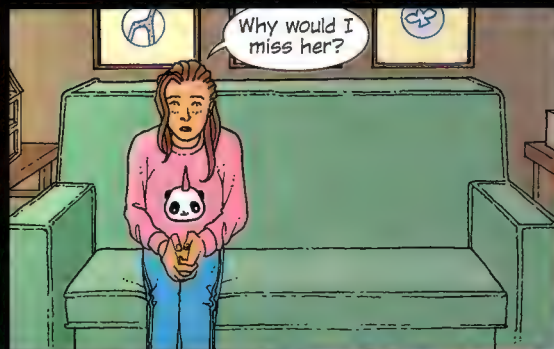


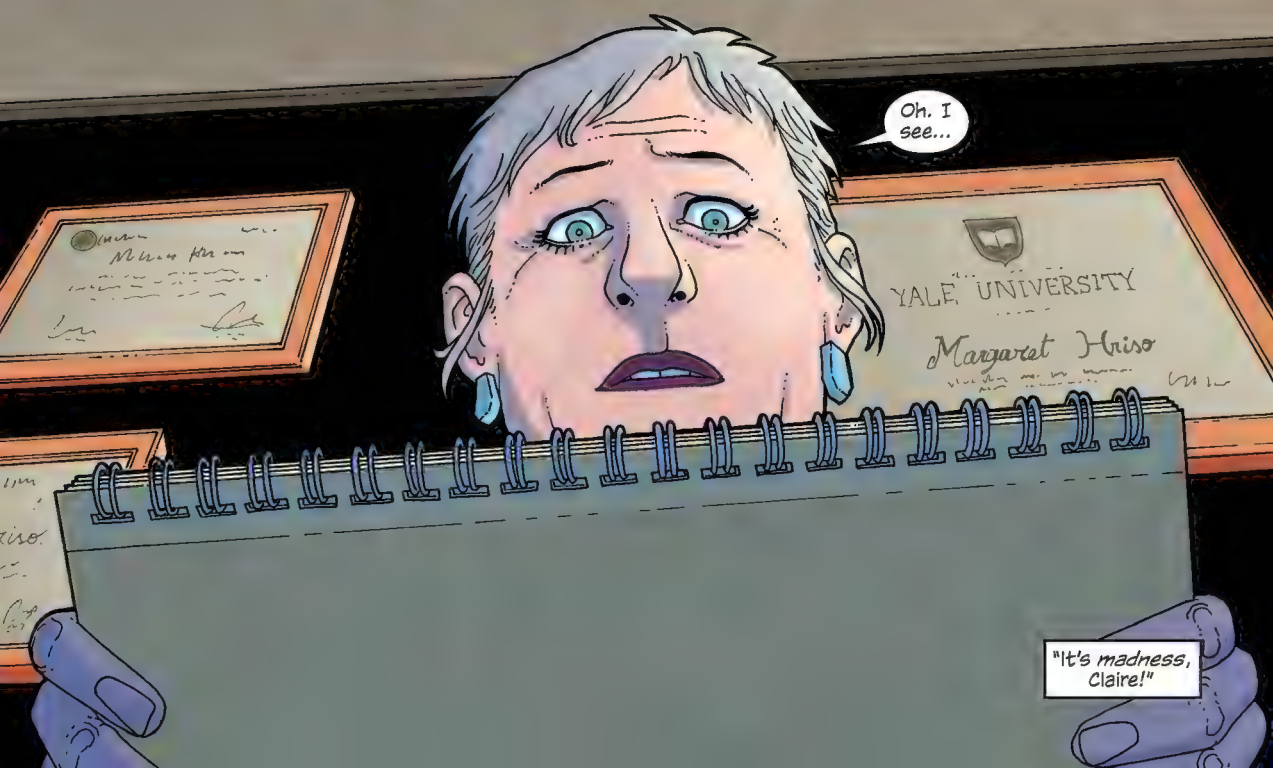
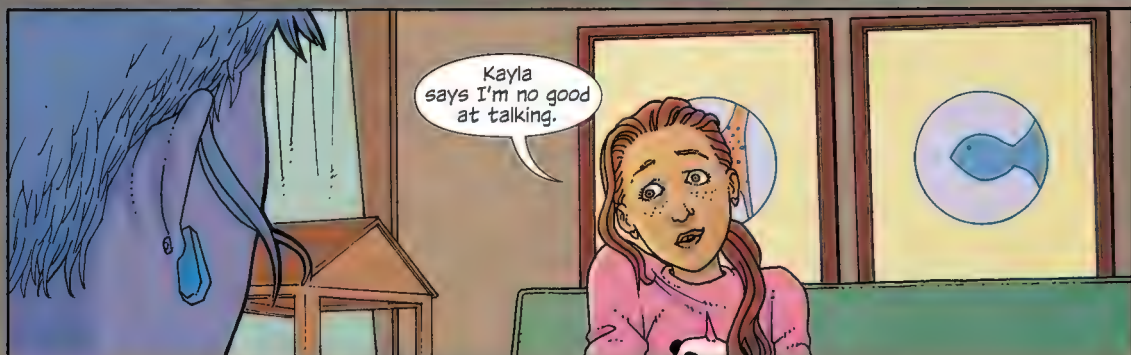
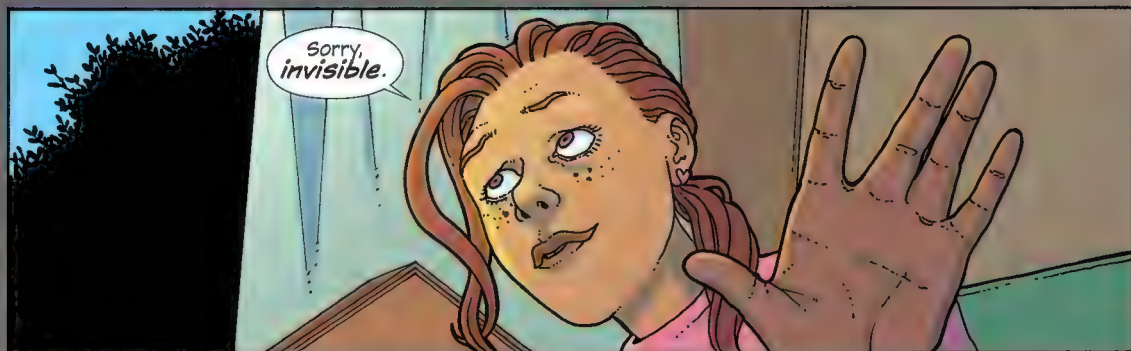




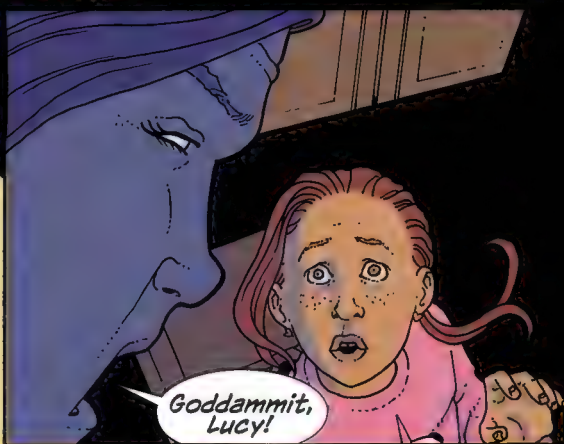
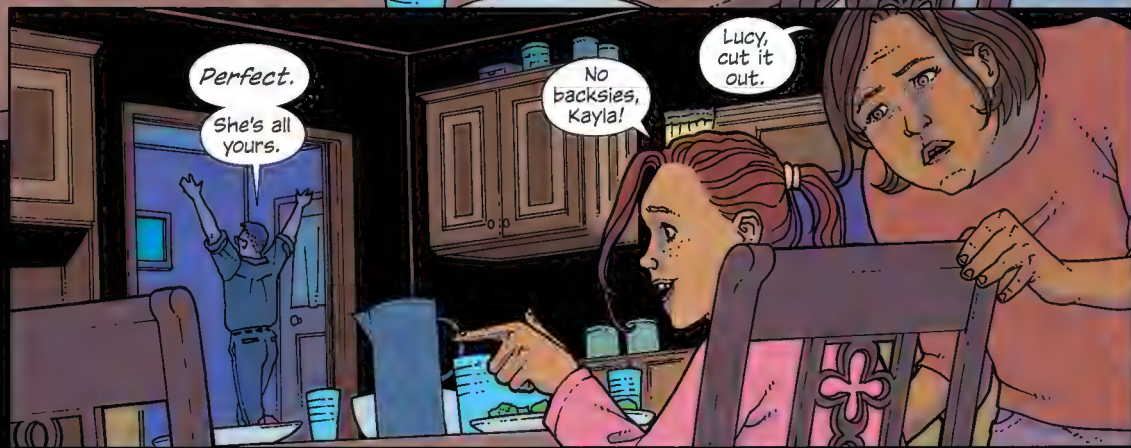
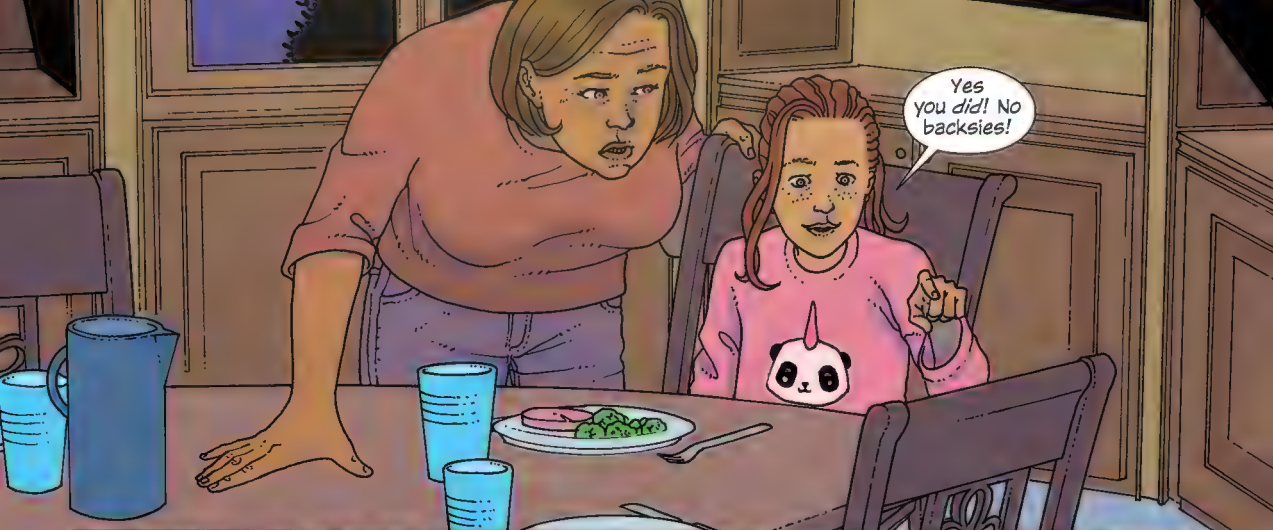


That's me
and Kayla fighting
the *Cancer
Beast*.







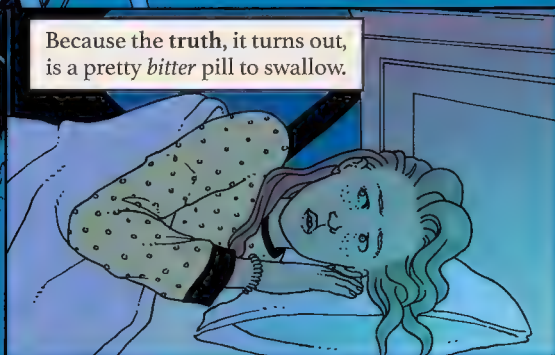


Yarns, parables,
myths.

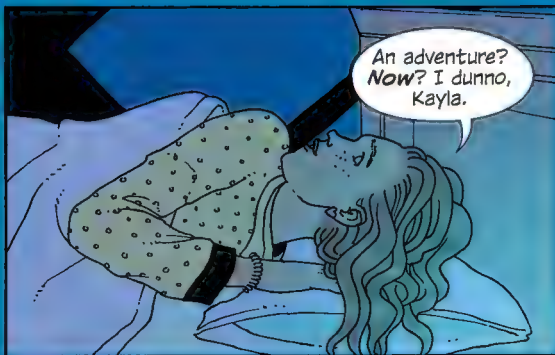
Little fictions that
help to make the truth
more bearable.



Because the *truth*, it turns out,
is a pretty *bitter* pill to swallow.



An adventure?
Now? I dunno,
Kayla.



Okay,
okay. I'm
up.

Here are just a
few inconvenient
truths:



You are *alone*,
abandoned by your
creator.

Santa Claus isn't
real—and neither is
true love.





Also: a kitten, deep-fried, is more delicious than an expensive steak dinner.

No fun, right?



Shhhh.
Not so loud.



And so our flimsy little distractions:

Fantasies, tall tales,
ghost stories.



Which brings us to another unfortunate truth:

Every story is a ghost story.

And so Lucy and Kayla—princess warriors of the Generous Realm!—crossed through the forest of cutesy-fuzzies, where they met friendly faces of all sorts!



It sure
is *dark*,
huh?



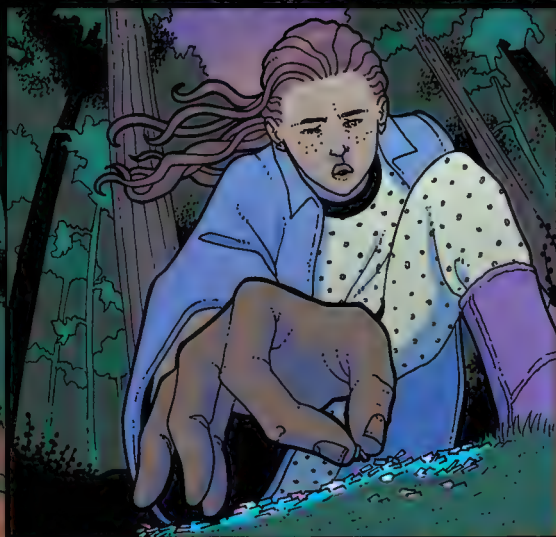
I think
maybe we should
have brought a
flashlight.

GRRR

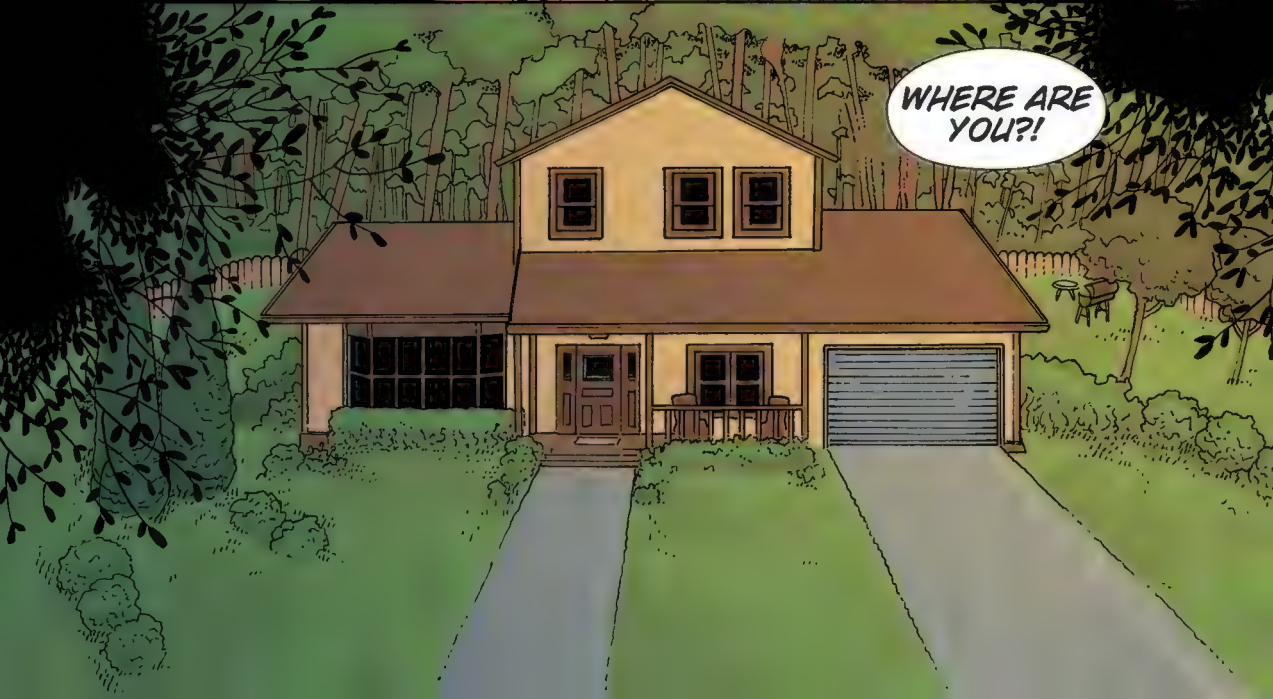


Oh, I
know!

And the path was all lit up by the Lanterns of Forever Friendship!
Which shined bright and revealed rainbows under their feet!







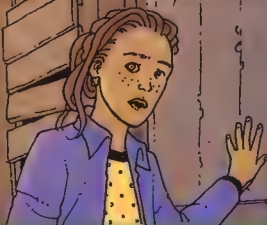
And the two princesses—who would never, ever be apart—came upon a castle most glowious! I mean, *GLORIOUS*.



The Fortress of Promises! Of course!



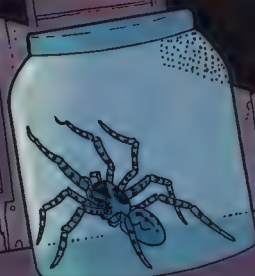
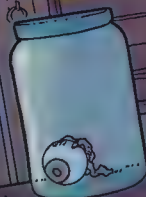
Should we go in?

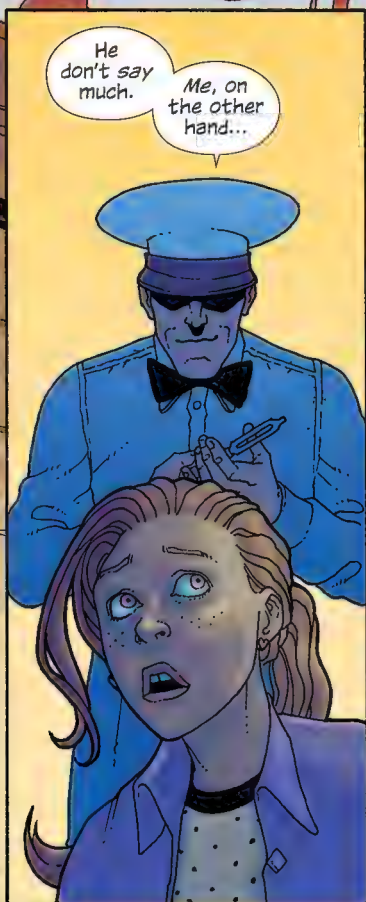
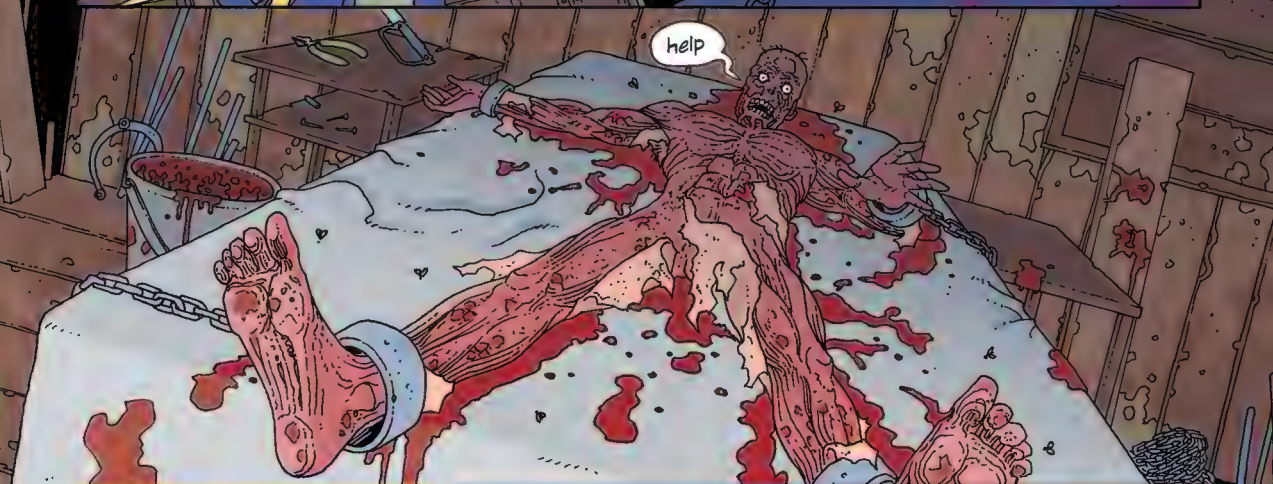


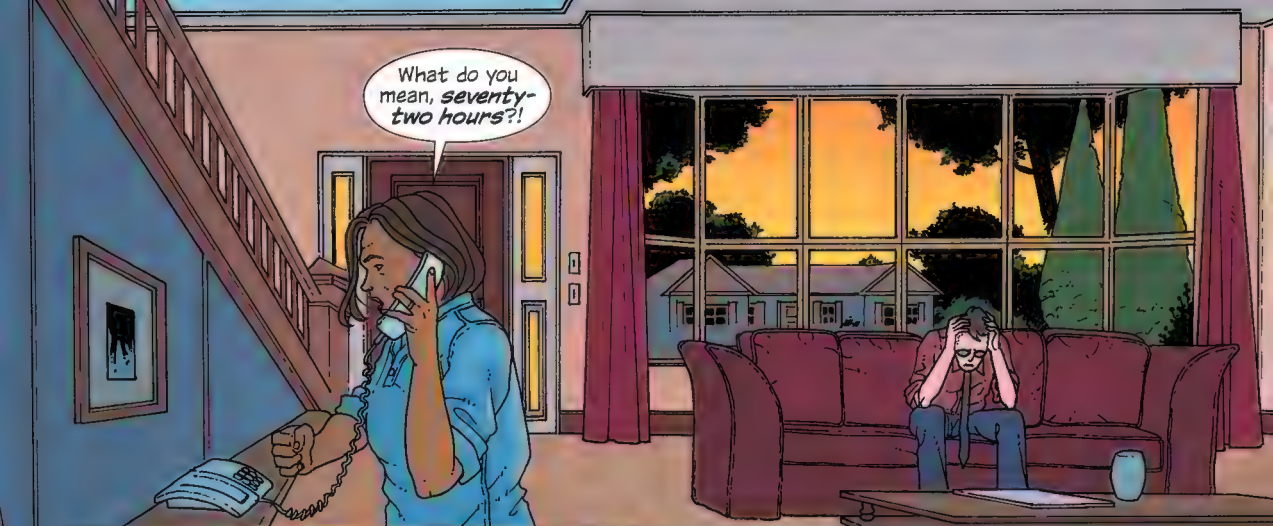
I am *not* scared! You're scared!



Okay, maybe a little scared...







What do you mean, *seventy-two hours*?!



I'm sorry, Mrs. Hanover.

But this is standard operating procedure.



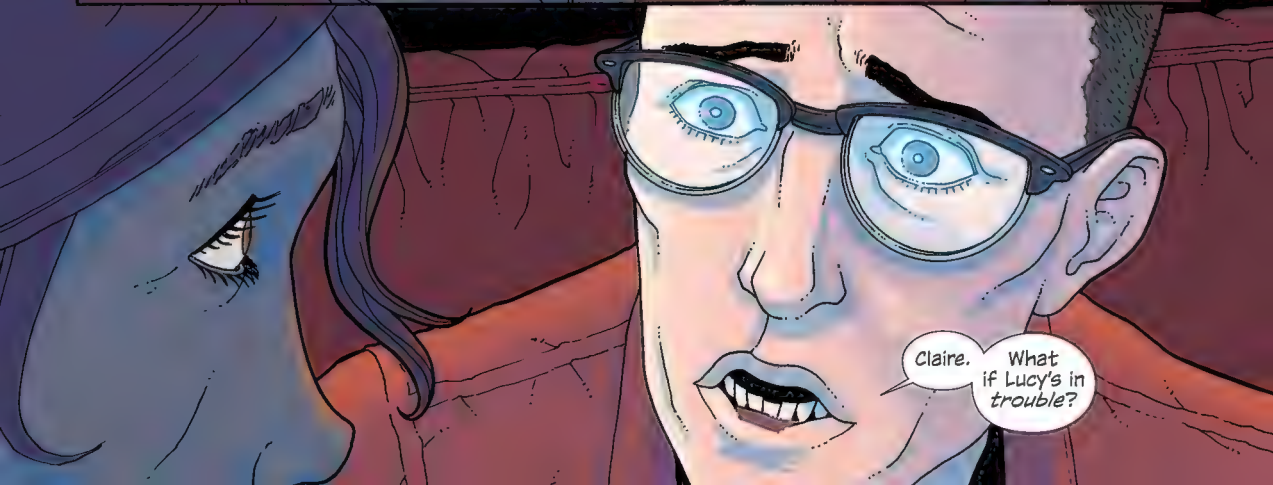
We can't file a missing person's report unless your child has been gone for more than three days.

Where do you people come up with these rules?!

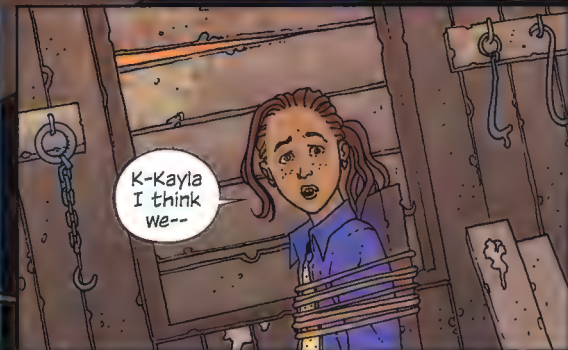
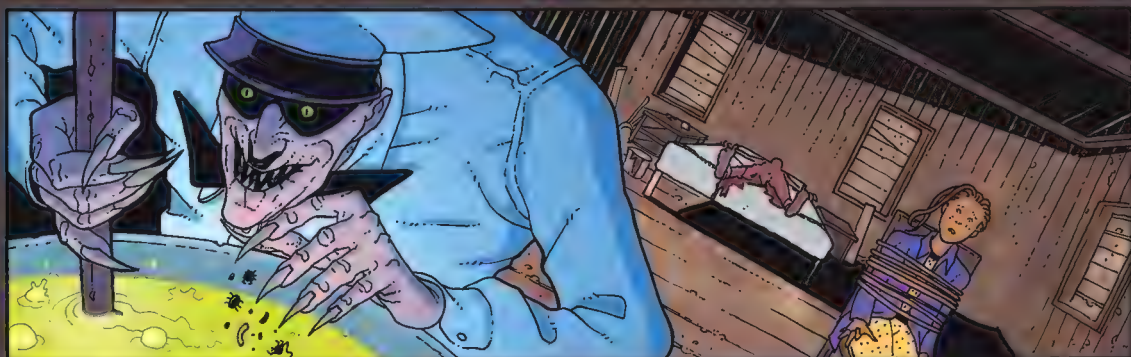
My daughter could be dead!



You're supposed to help us!



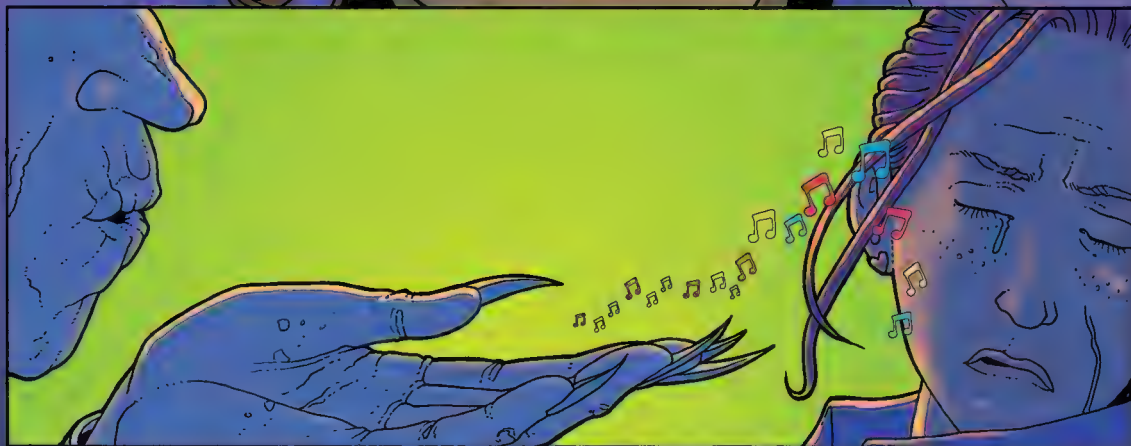
Princess Lucy and Kayla-or maybe it was just Lucy?-were all tied up in the smiling man's evil hideout place. And the smiling man, he put a...kitty...in the soup pot...





B-but...

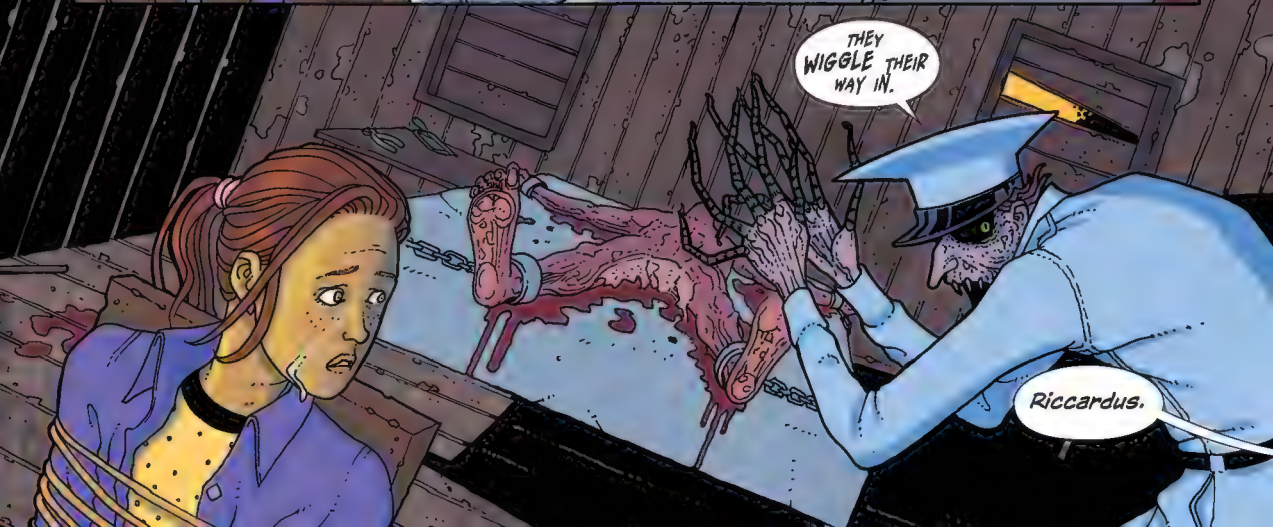
SHE
GOT SICK WITH
THE BAD
MUSIC.



EVERYONE
GETS SICK WITH
SOMETHING.

JIMBO
HERE'S DYING
FROM ALL SORTS
OF STUFF.

IT'S
THE BUGS,
LUCY.



THEY
WIGGLE THEIR
WAY IN.

Riccardus.





Sorry, Rick...



But the rules done changed.

Your time is up.



ALWAYS SUCH A SMUG LITTLE COWBOY.

WE'LL GET THIS, PARDNER.



BEFORE THIS IS OVER, I'M GONNA STICK YOU RIGHT IN THE NECK.



I guess we'll just have to wait and see, won't we?



"So we're just supposed to wait and see?"

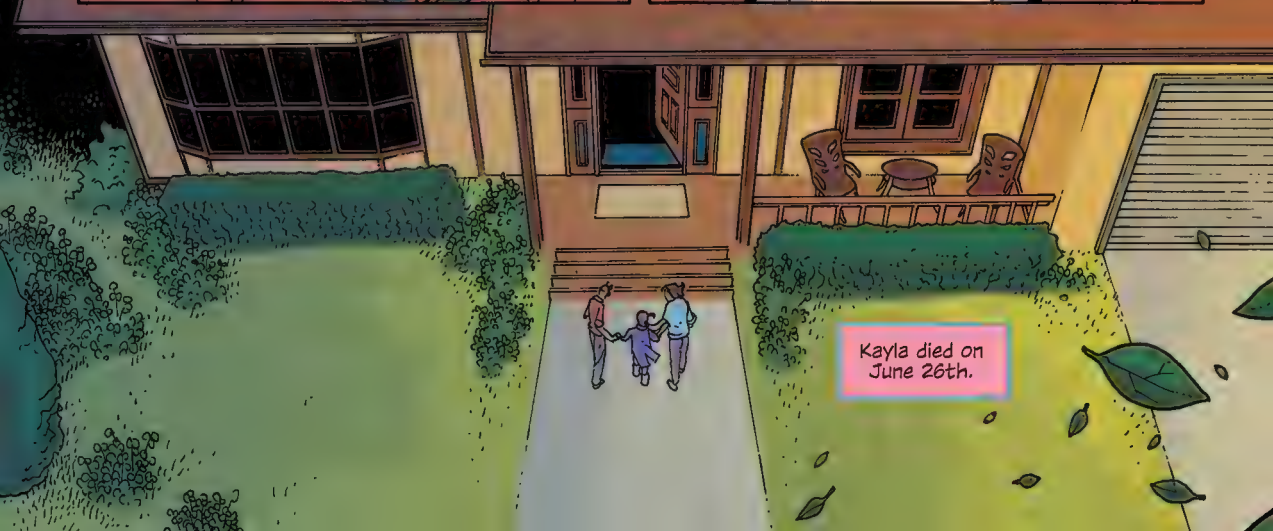




Why
did Kayla
have to
die?



Oh,
sweetie.



Kayla died on
June 26th.

I went to her funeral and everyone was dressed in black and crying a bunch.

She had cancer of the bones, which is a super bad kind of cancer.

She never, ever cried, though--she was the bravest warrior in the Generous Realm.

Ugh, I miss her so much!

But she's **dead** and dead is permanent. Permanent, I mean.

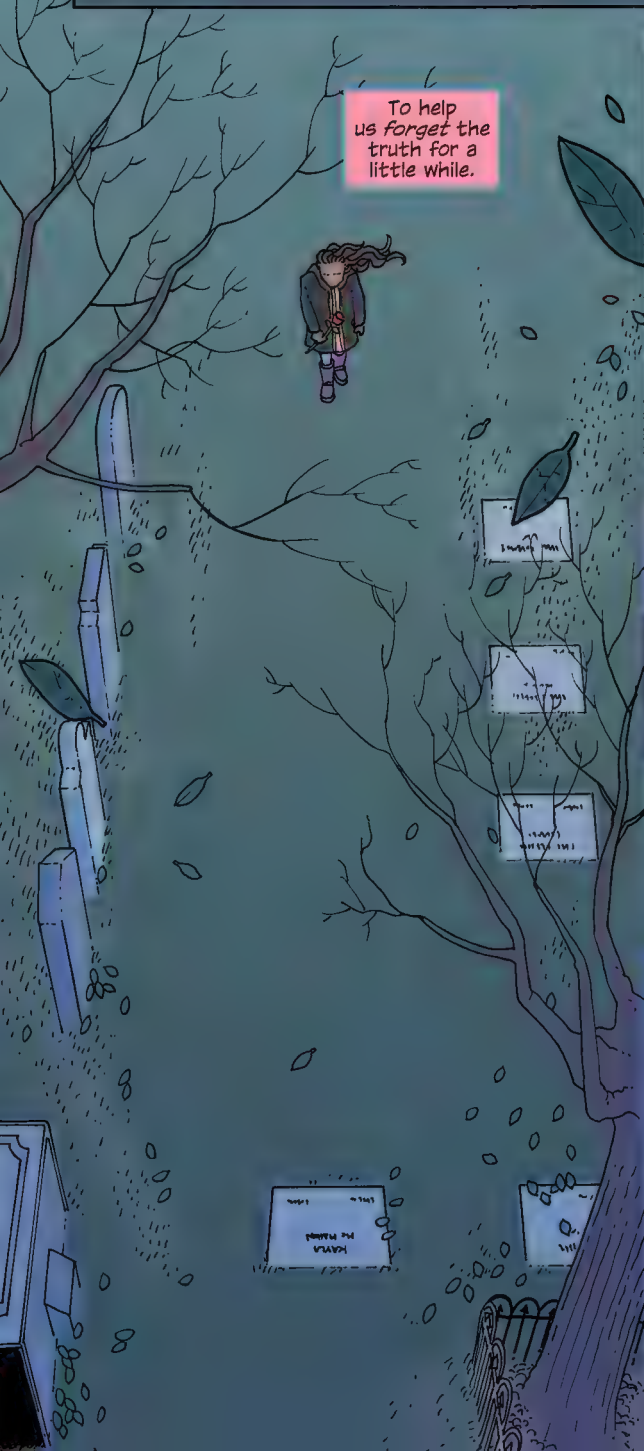
Here, sweetie.

For Kayla.

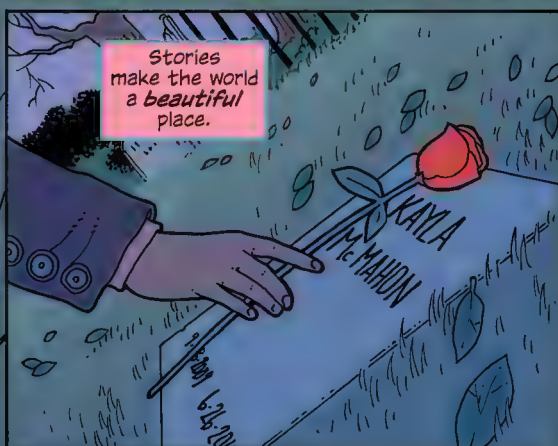
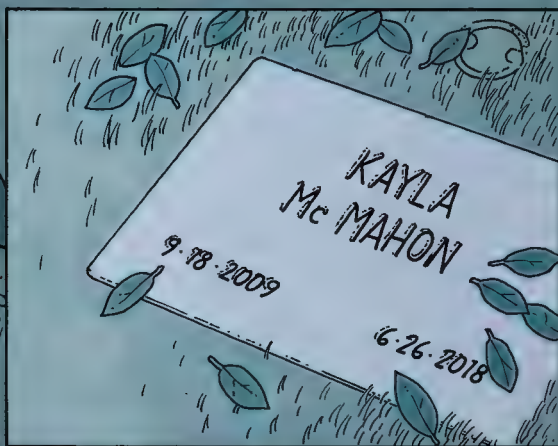
I guess the truth is hard and sad sometimes.



But that's
why we have
stories...




To help
us forget the
truth for a
little while.



Stories
make the world
a beautiful
place.



Even when
they end...



They were the
bestest friends...

Forever!



Emergencies



There's this
voice.

Maybe you've
heard it?



Like the *worst* radio station of all time—it only plays *bad music*.



Just song after song of gloom and *doom* and all kinds of dark *nonsense*.

It says things like:



The mosquitoes are collecting your blood so that eventually they can *replace* you.

Lovely, right?





But I'm here to tell
you something:

HELP!

Ignore that
goddamn voice.

'Cause it don't got its
facts straight.

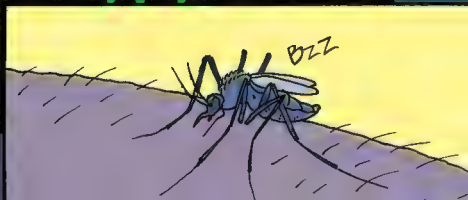


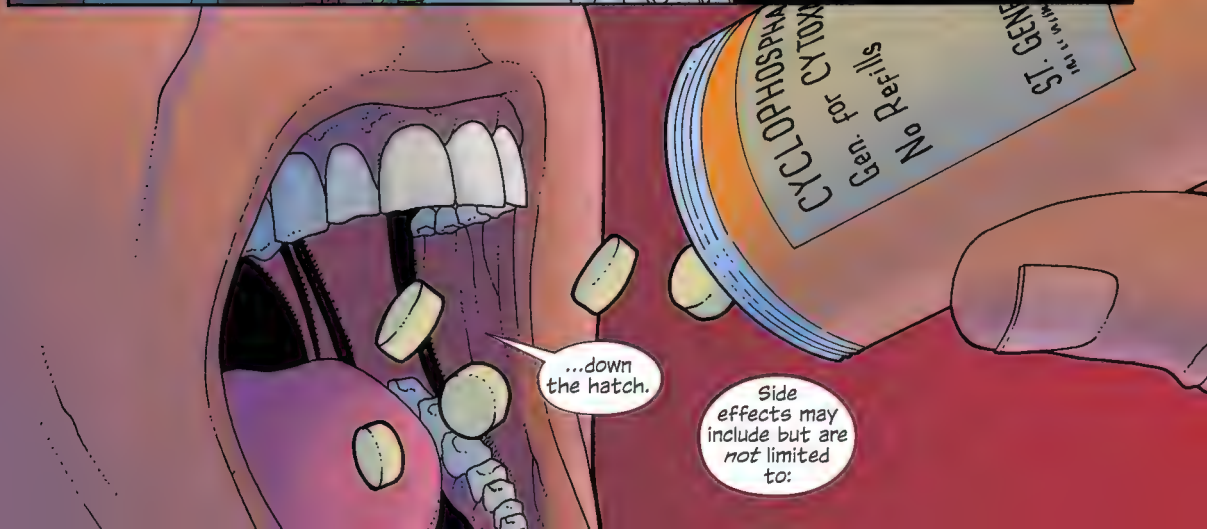
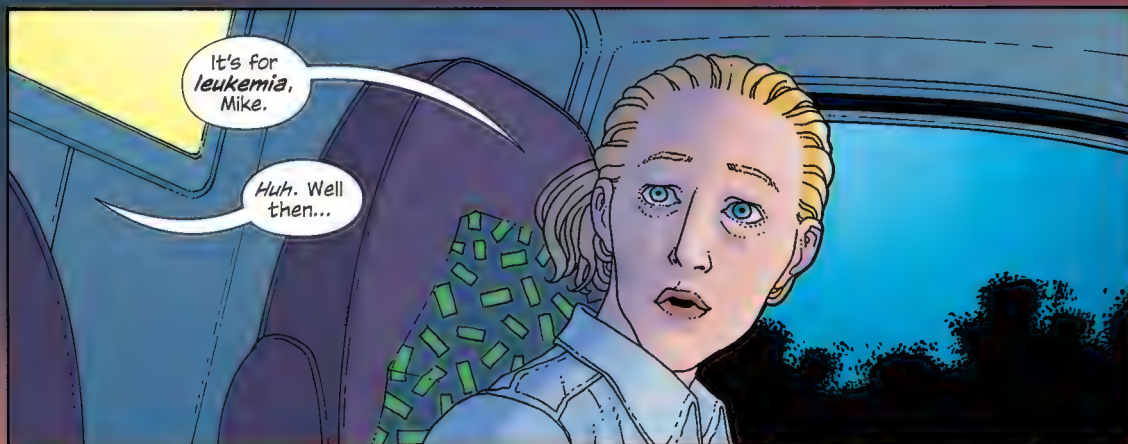
The mosquitoes
are our friends,
see?

Our blood is
their blood.

RRRR

We are all
one...







Nausea,
loss of appetite,
trouble sleeping...



Regret,
intense *guilt*.

Flashes of
your childhood
and the terrible
things you did in
adolescence.

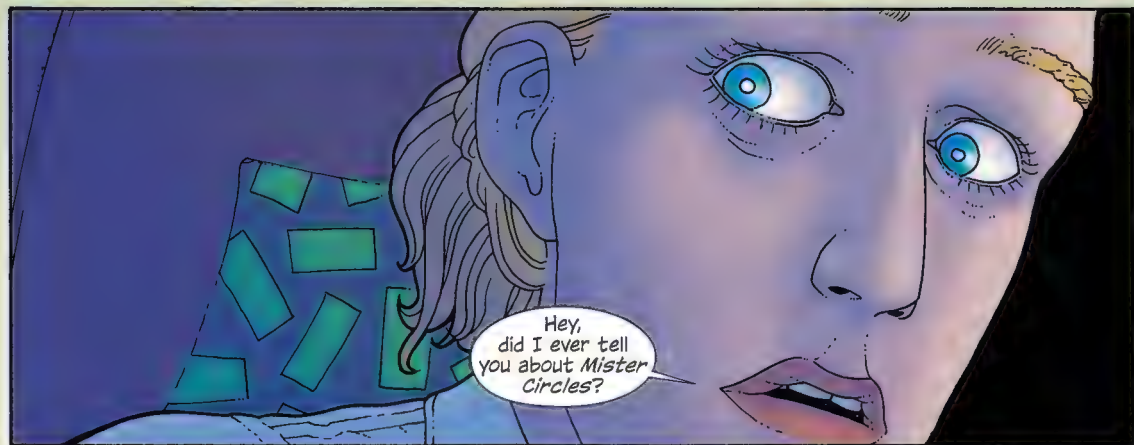
We should really
stop stealing drugs
from the hospital
cabinets.



I'm starting
to feel like it's
immoral or
something.

"Immoral."

That's
real funny, Mike.
I love how *funny*
you are.



Hey,
did I ever tell
you about *Mister
Circles*?



Mister Circles?

When we were kids, my sister and I used to walk along the train tracks looking for flattened pennies...



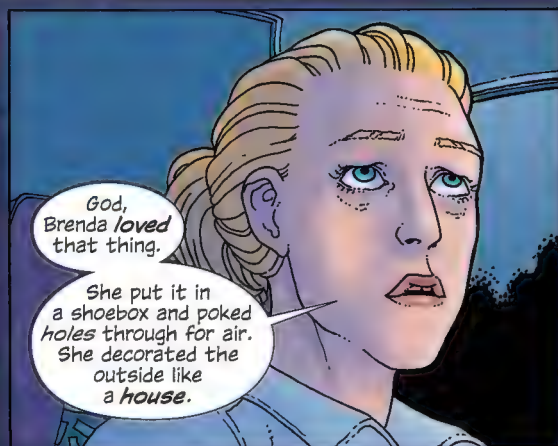
And one day we came upon this poor little mouse with a busted leg.

He could only walk in circles, on account of the injury.



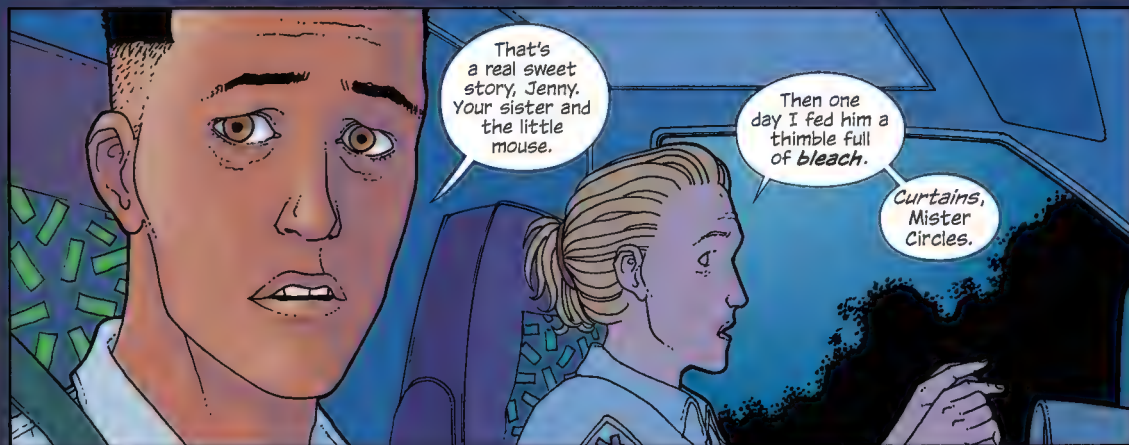
You named him?

We had to call him something!



God, Brenda loved that thing.

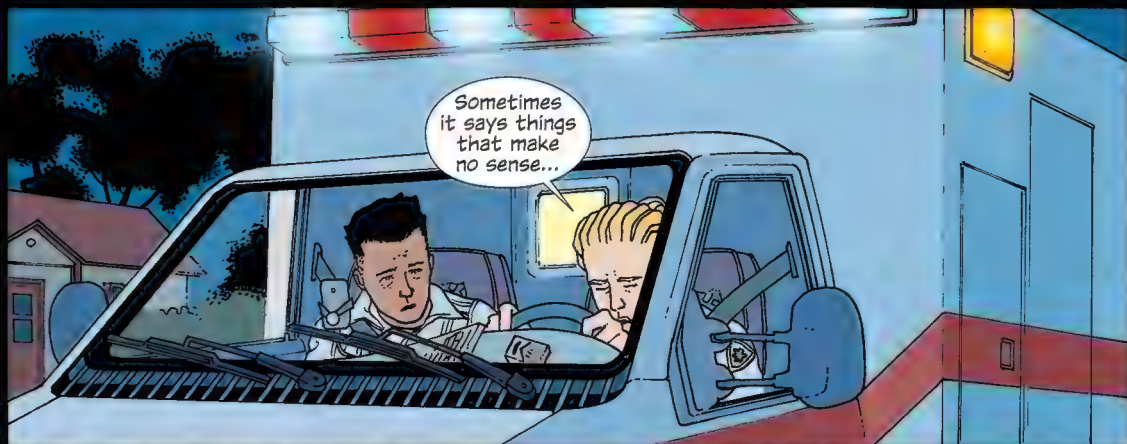
She put it in a shoebox and poked holes through for air. She decorated the outside like a house.



That's a real sweet story, Jenny. Your sister and the little mouse.

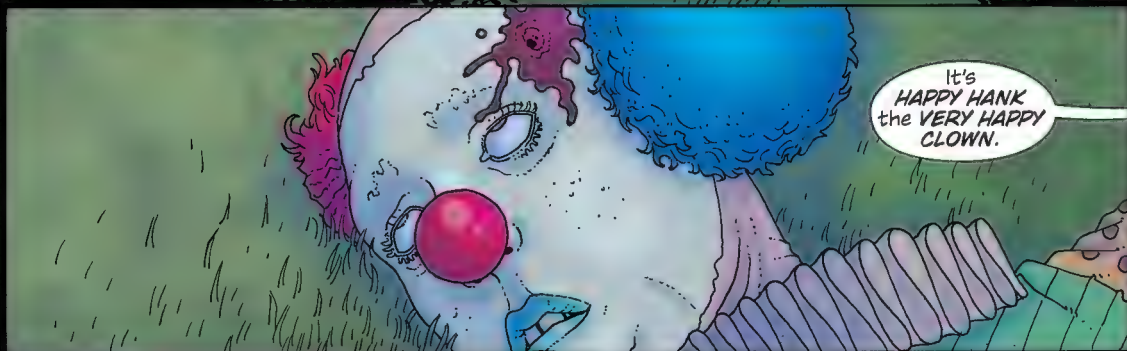
Then one day I fed him a thimble full of bleach.

Curtains, Mister Circles.



"But I listen to it anyway."

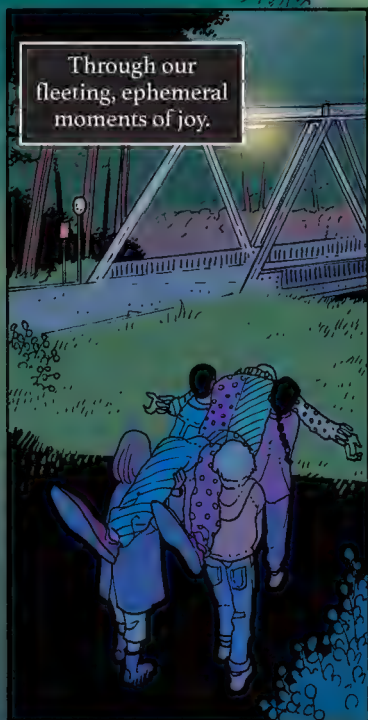








We're *all* connected—
through death, through
suffering.



Through our
fleeting, ephemeral
moments of joy.



And yet there's
something that
separates us...

Something's
keeping us from
seeing the truth.



It's that *voice*.



You hear it now,
don't you?

Hank the Very Happy
Clown shot himself in the
brain, if it matters to you.

SPLASH!

Though it *shouldn't*—he's
just another piece of *meat*
with a face.

Rest
in peace,
Hank.

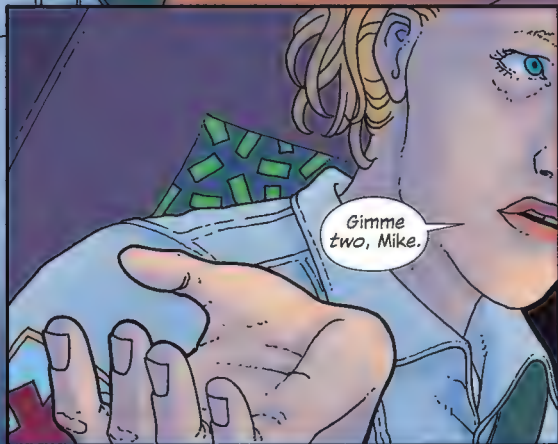
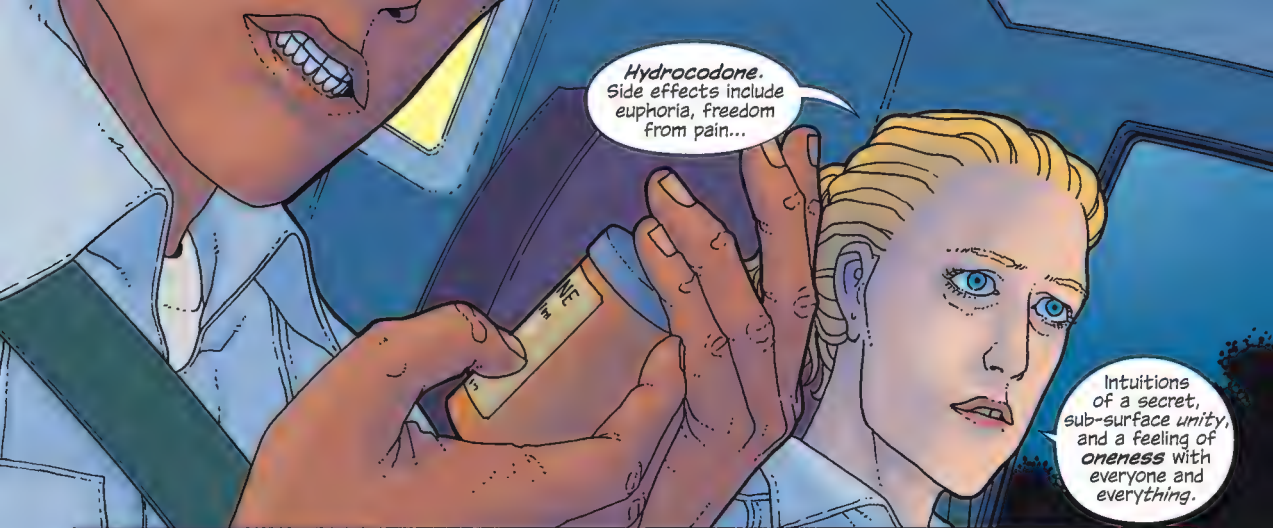
At the end of the day, we're
all gonna wind up like
Mister HaHa:

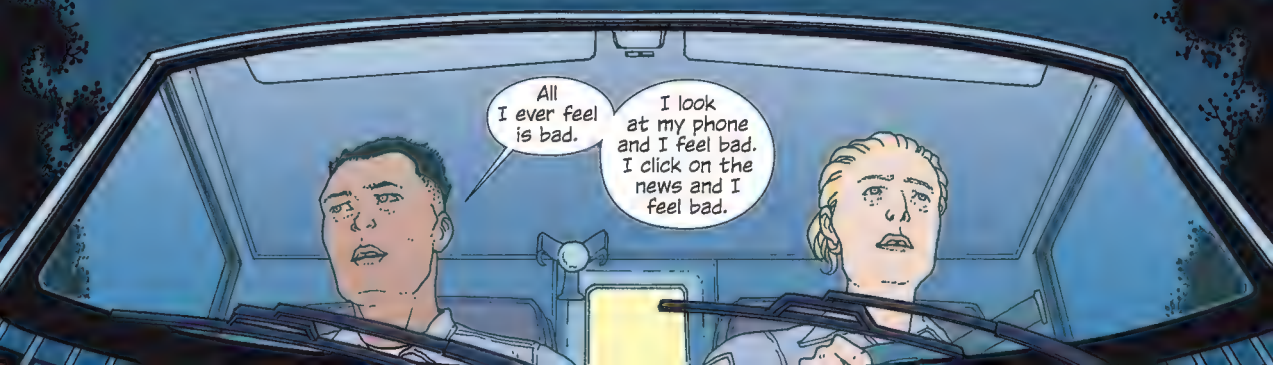
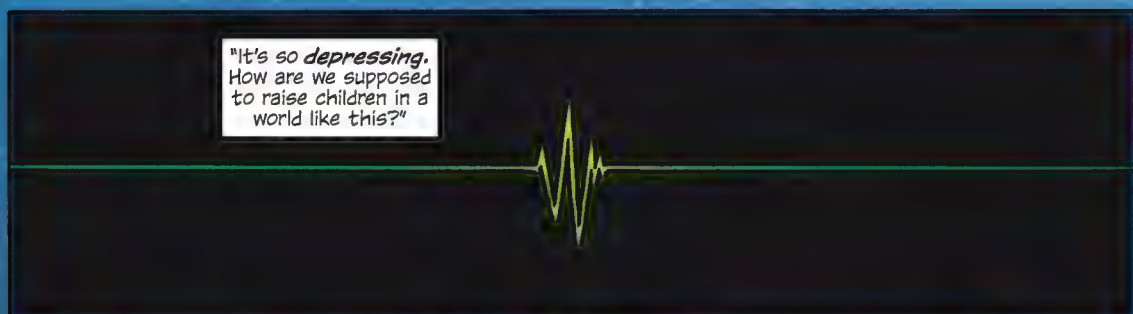
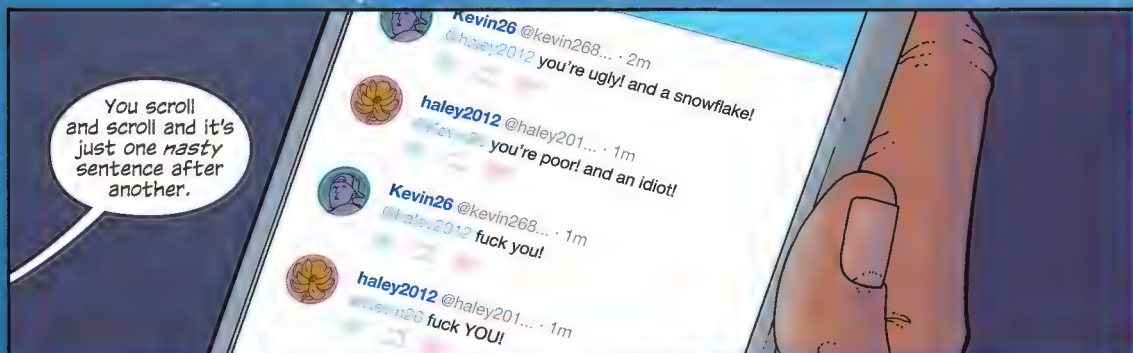
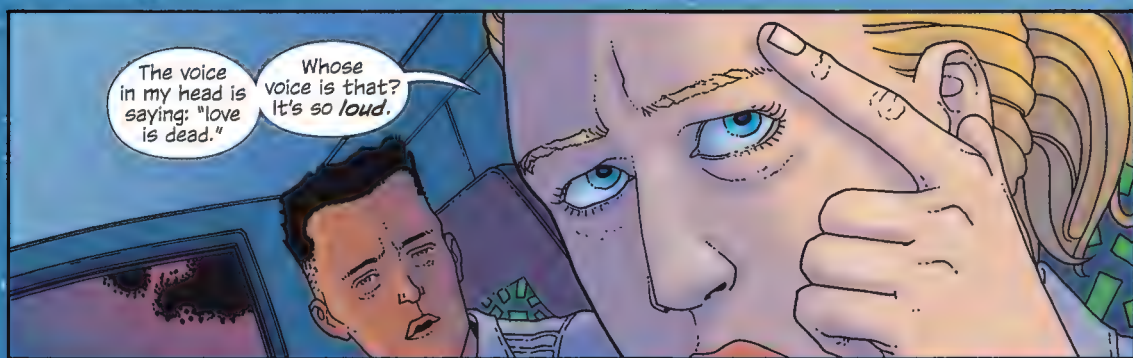
Cold, damp.
Alone...

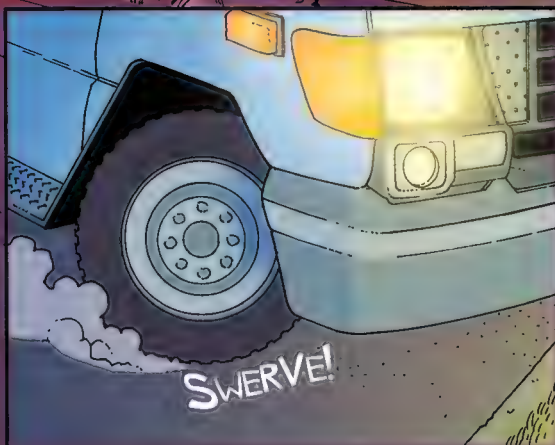
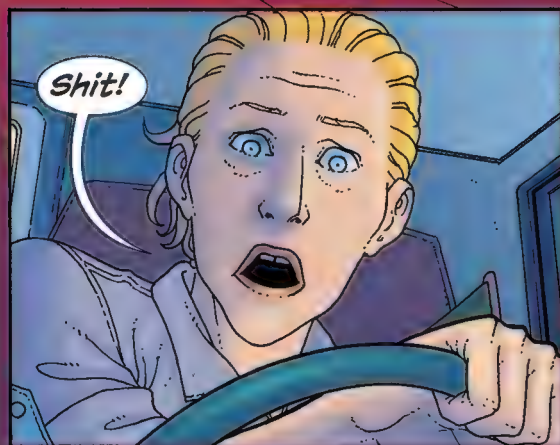
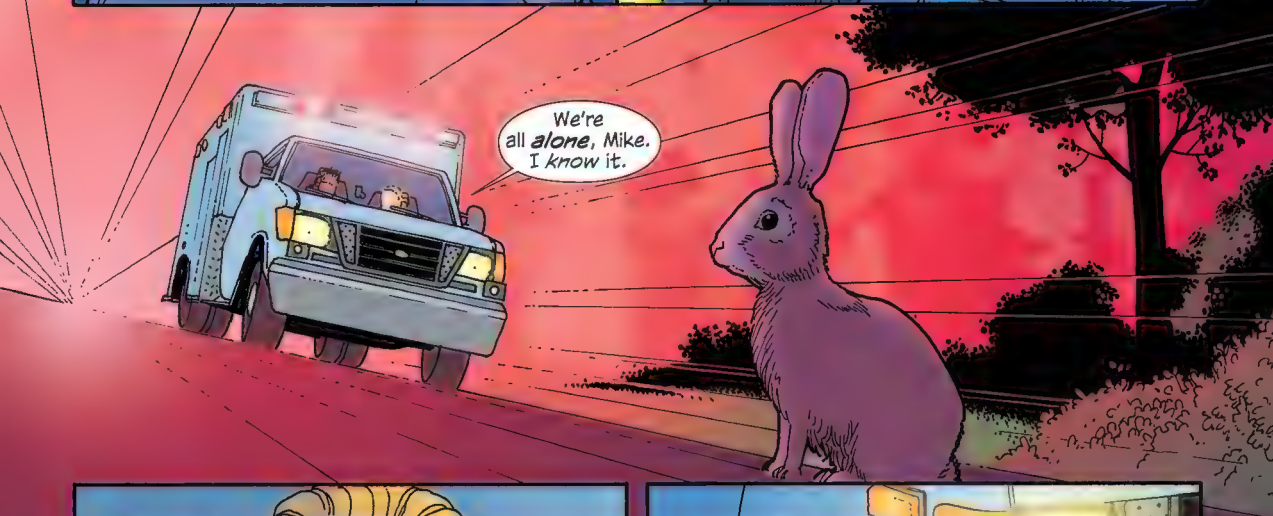
...with a *hole*
in the head.

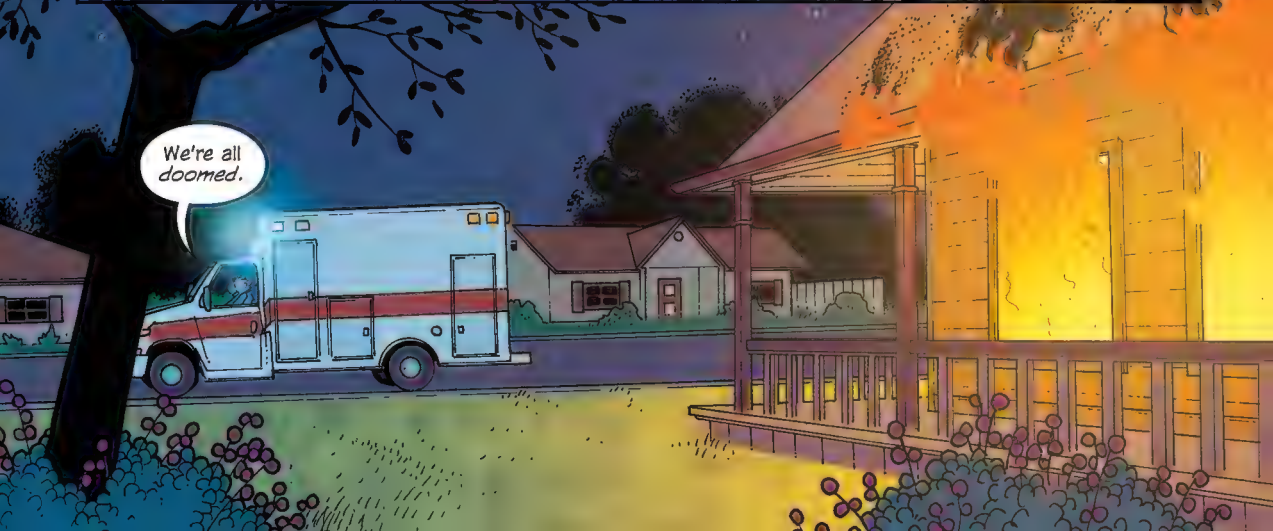
What's
this one?

WOOOOOOO

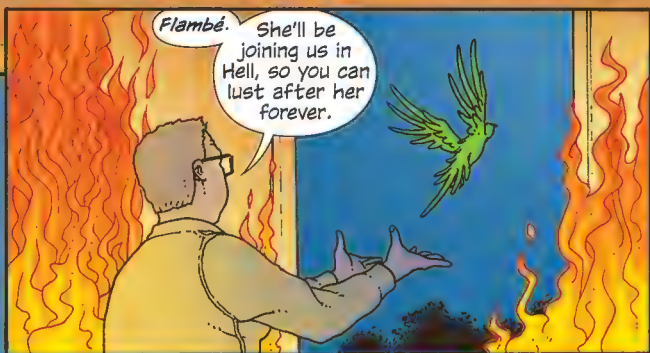
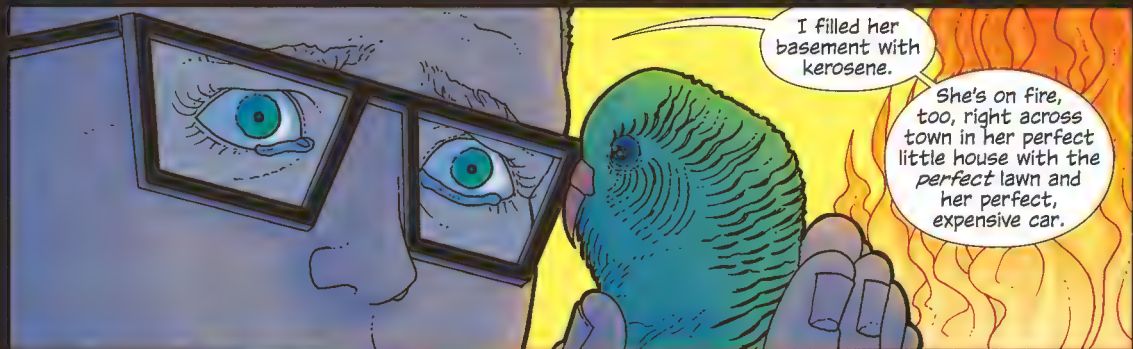














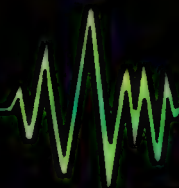
Believe the worst about
the very ones we should
love unconditionally.

And for *what*?
Some creepy
voice?

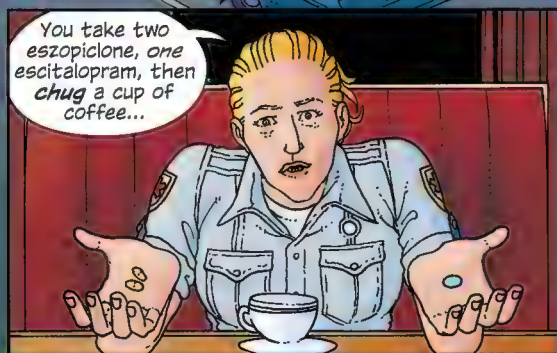
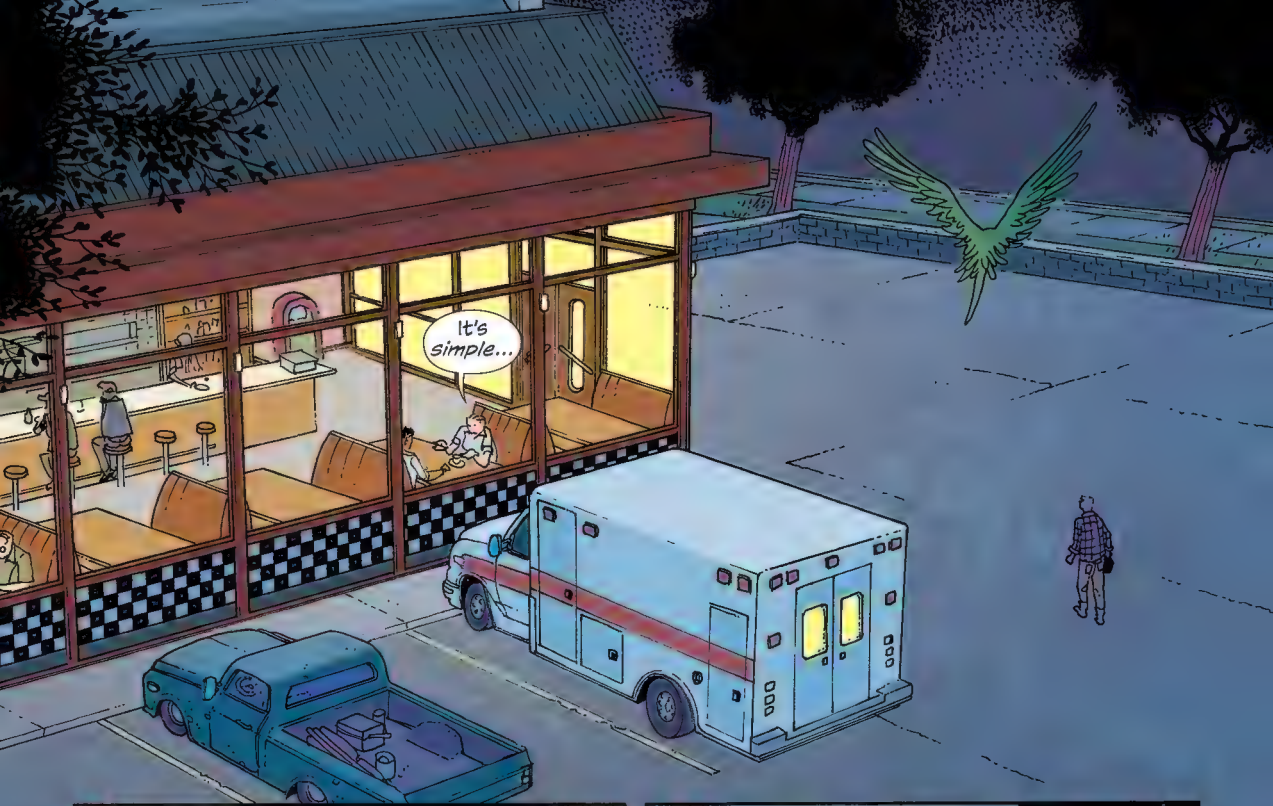
Are we that susceptible
to ugliness?

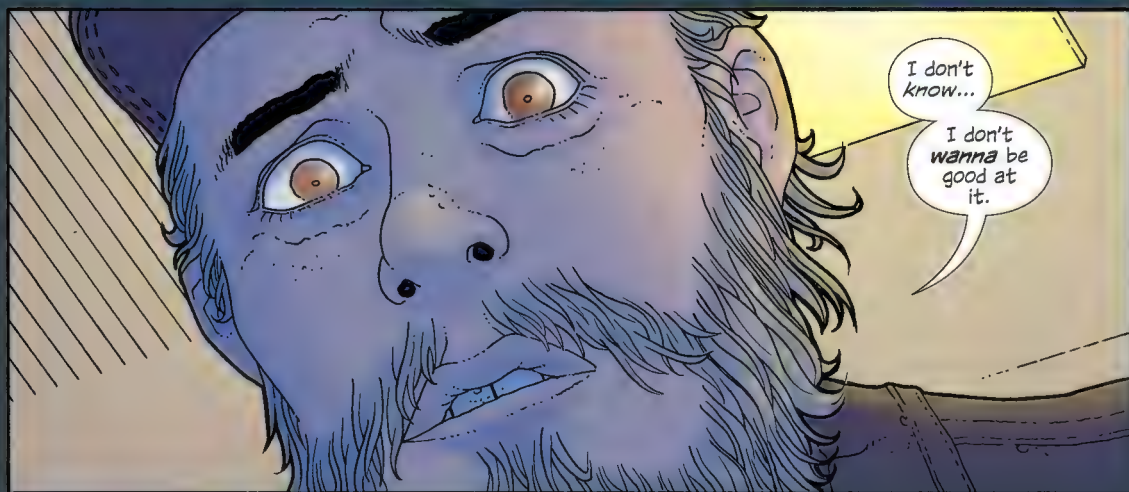
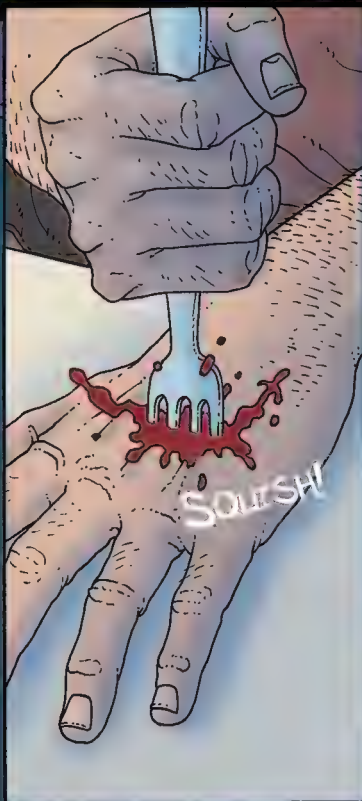


Are we that
lost?



"Wait, I'm lost..."







Why do we do this?

Do what?

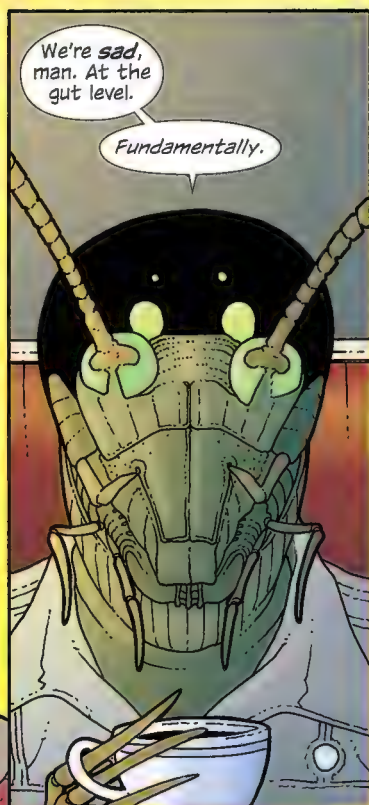


This. The pills, getting high.



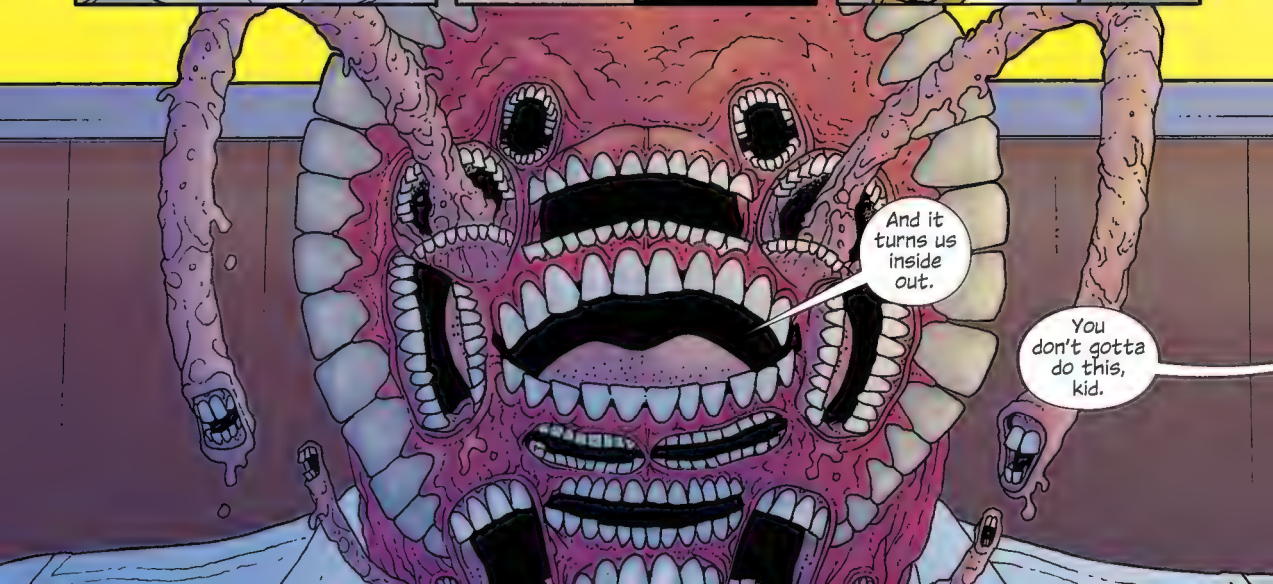
It doesn't take a psychology degree.

It's the same reason anyone does anything.



We're sad, man. At the gut level.

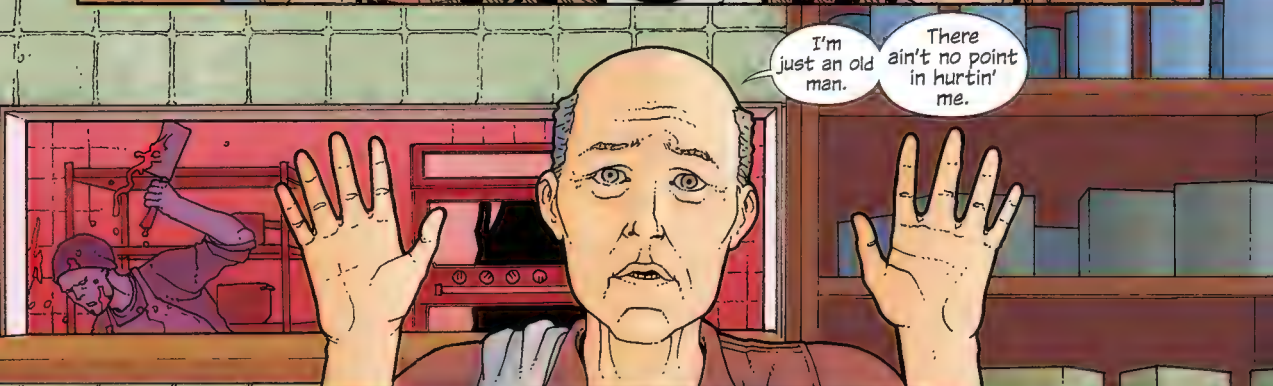
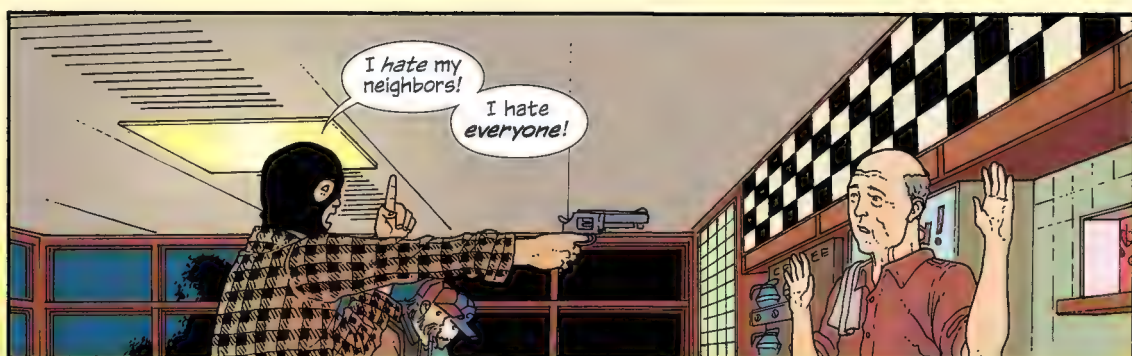
Fundamentally.



And it turns us inside out.

You don't gotta do this, kid.







I don't got
long left.

So I want you to do
me a favor, if you'd
be so kind...



The next time you
hear that voice...

The next time it says
something like:



DRINK THE
BLOOD OF
YOUR ENEMY.




I want you to
remember:




There ain't no
such thing as
enemies.

That's just a *bad* song
from an old ice cream
truck.




The *real* song's hard to
hear—because *good*
things take work.

But it's there.
And it's telling us:

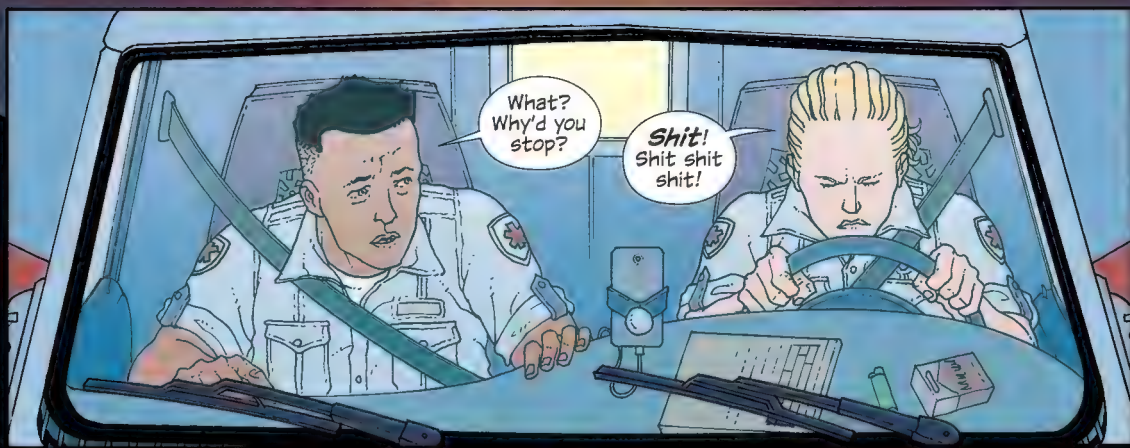


We are all one.

We are all one.



Remember that,
will ya?

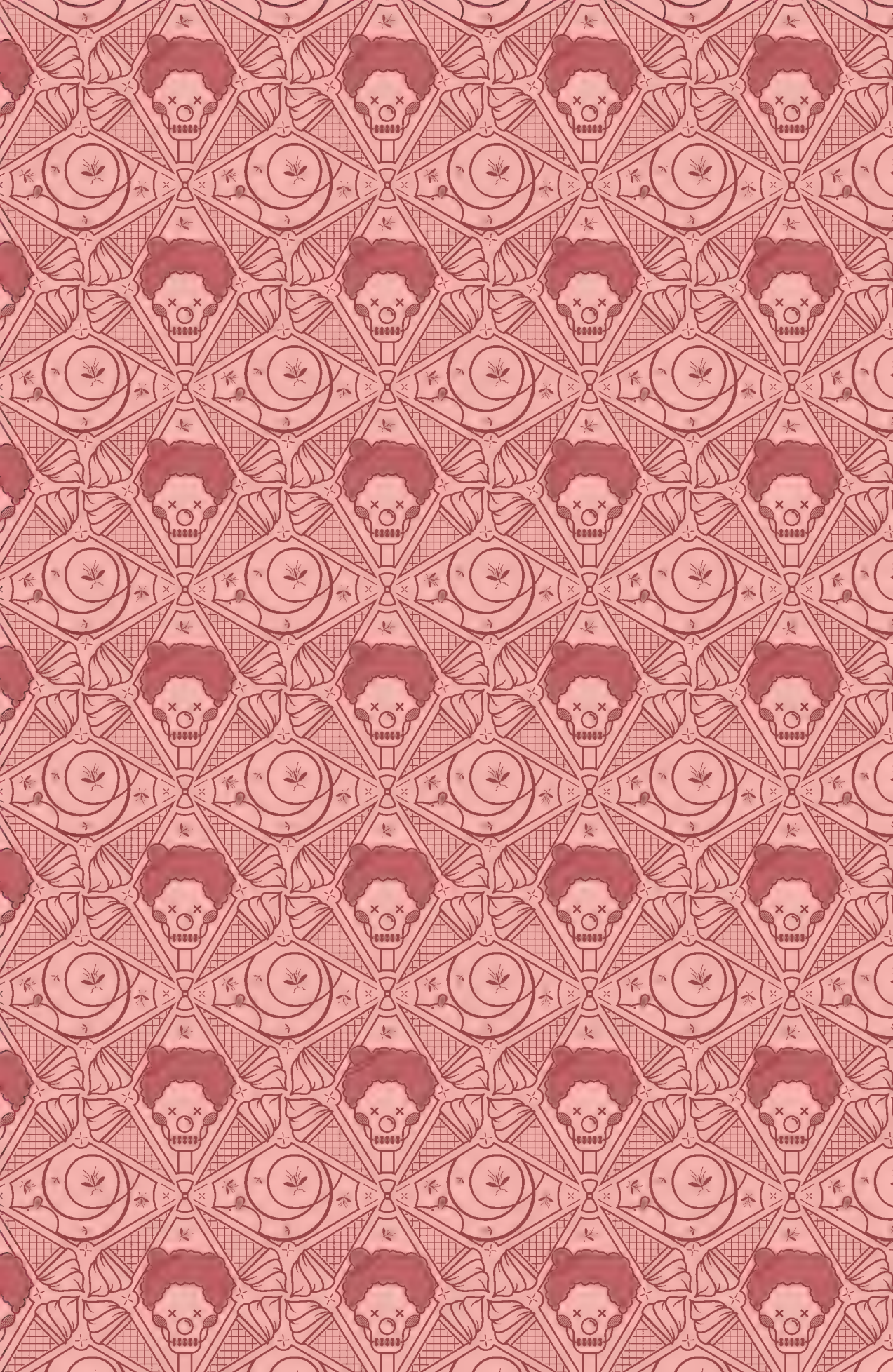




Remember
that.

Shit.

Remem



ADDED SUGAR



What follows are variant covers, sketches,
and miscellanea from the second volume of
ICE CREAM MAN.

One way or another...



ISSUE 5 • COVER B
FRAZER IRVING



ISSUE 6 • COVER B
CHRISTIAN WARD



ISSUE 7 - COVER B
FABIO MOON



ISSUE 7 • **COLD! CHARITY COVER** (censored)
MARTIN MORAZZO and CHRIS O'HALLORAN



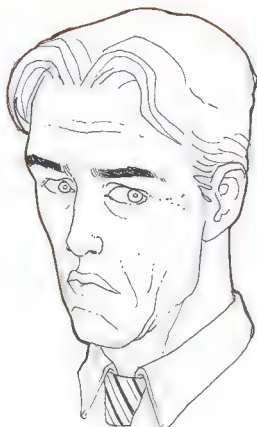
ISSUE 7 • **CBOT CHARITY COVER** (uncensored)
MARTIN MORAZZO and CHRIS O'HALLORAN



ISSUE 8 • COVER B
VANESA R. DEL REY

FUNNY FACES

ICM
#5
BILL



ICM
#5
VERONICA



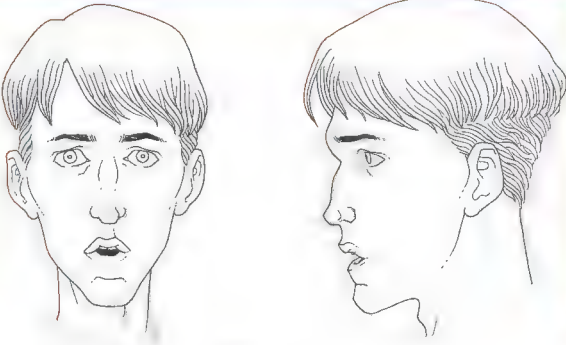
ICM
#5
VULVURE.



RACHEL .
ICM #6.

Martín's character sketches are pieces of art unto themselves—each one teems with personality, begging to be pulled into a full story. Occasionally, I'll be unsure of what to do with one of our featured players, and Martín's sketch will solve the problem, suggesting an entire narrative through only some loose ink against white space.

FACES, FUNNY



JEREMY
ICM#6.



TRIPTYCH
ICM#6.

DEE

FRED

SANDRA.



RONNY

RITA



CINDY.

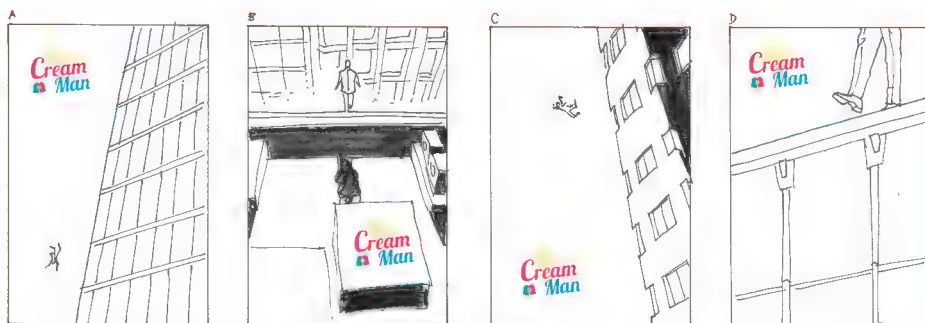


DAD

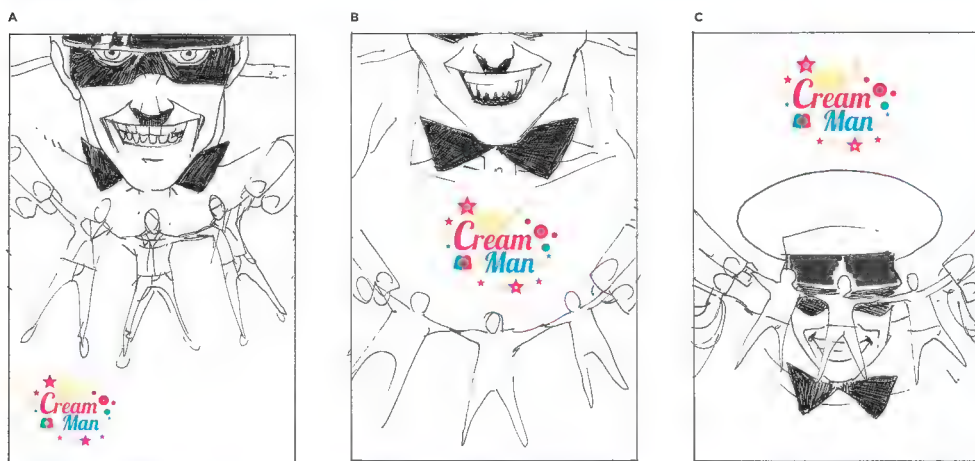
No, seriously. Just look.

PICK A FLAVOR, PART DEUX

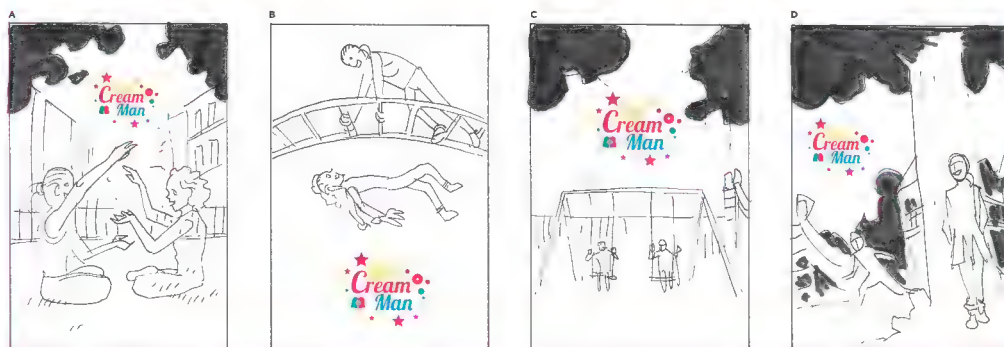
ICE CREAM MAN #5 - COVER SKETCHES 00018



ICE CREAM MAN #6 cover sketches



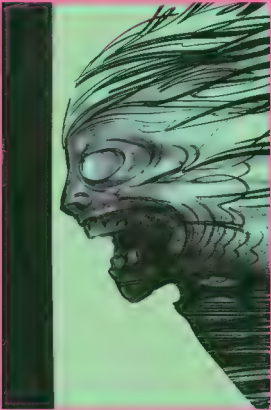
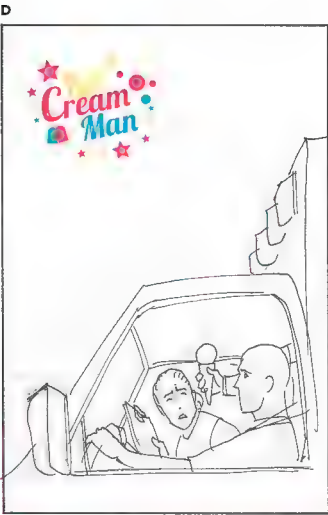
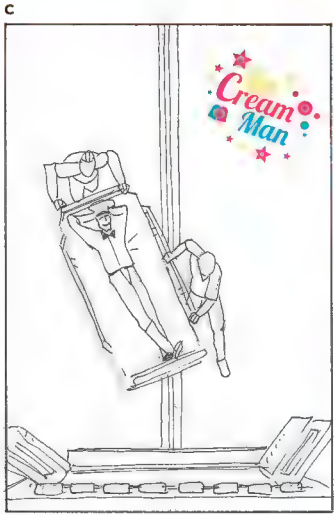
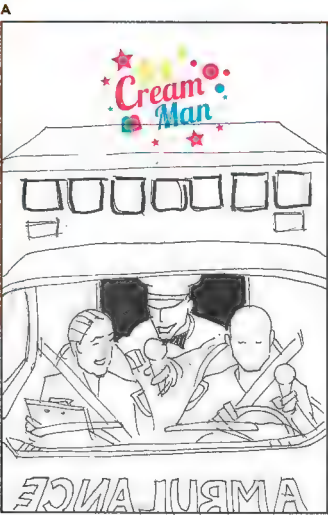
ICE CREAM MAN #7 cover sketches



Gaze here upon Martín's many marvelous mock-ups for his mischievous covers. Plus: some sketches by our murderers' row of variant artists.

CANDY COATING

ICE CREAM MAN #8 cover sketches



MADDENING RECIPES

Herewith select script pages from Chapter 3, "Strange Neapolitan," to give you a sense of how the issue came together.

ICE CREAM MAN

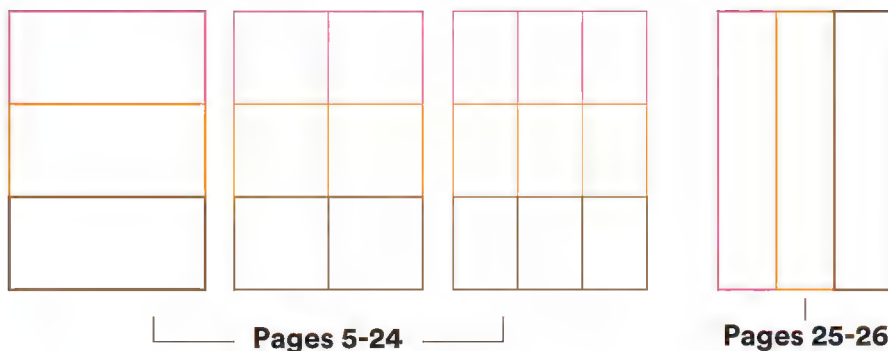
Issue 6, "Strange Neapolitan"

Intro: Martín, Chris—this one's a doozy. It's a silent issue, but there's more: the gist here is that from pages 5-24, we'll be telling THREE different stories, all at the same time. Each story will be about the same guy—it's 3 different what-ifs, 3 different strands of possibility. Each strand will be colored in its own way (take note, Chris), to mimic the colors of Neapolitan Ice Cream. It should be clear to the reader, through these different treatments, that each tier is a different reality.

Pages 1-2 will be standard comics storytelling (so you can come up with the panel set-ups, Martín).

Pages 3-4 will be two versions of the same image, and I'll provide a mock-up of how those should generally look.

The rest of the issue will take this form:



For pages with 3 panels, it takes form 1. For pages with 6 panels, form 2. And 9-panel pages take form 3. (Form 4 is only used at the end.)

I've color-coded the panel descriptions to make the different strands clear. To give you an idea of the three different stories we're telling:

Strand 1: Jeremy walks down a street, bumps into a girl, falls in love, and has a child. But the child dies, and Jeremy's life thus becomes a lot more complicated.

Strand 2: Jeremy walks down a street, finds an injured dog, takes care of it, discovers that it's a LOST dog and that its owners are looking for it, and so moves out of town to live a quiet life with the dog

Strand 3: Jeremy is alone, haunted by strange things, and is eventually kidnapped and killed by a mysterious figure.

Let me know if you have any questions—and sorry in advance!

ICE CREAM MAN

Issue 6, “Strange Neapolitan”

PAGE SEVEN

Panel 1: A shot of Jeremy on the ground, on his butt, using his hands and elbows to prop himself up. He's not looking at the woman quite yet—here, he's sort of just recovering from the shock of bumping into somebody.

Panel 2: A shot of the girl, also on the ground, but looking at Jeremy and smiling. She's got the cone on her head, ice cream dripping down her cheek. (Her eyes should be flirtatious.)

Panel 3: Back to Jeremy, who smiles in an embarrassed way, now realizing that he's experiencing a “meet-cute.”

Panel 4: Jeremy, standing, looks around for the owner of the dog.

Panel 5: Back to the dog, who looks up at Jeremy, injured but with a dumb smile on his face.

Panel 6: Jeremy's reaction to this, smiling apprehensively at the dog.

Panel 7: Jeremy reaches for the doorknob, taking a bite of his ice cream.

Panel 8: Jeremy spits to his side as if he's eaten something awful.

Panel 9: Jeremy looks at the cone to find that it's covered with little bugs of all sorts.

PAGE EIGHT

Panel 1: Jeremy and the girl are now on a date, at a restaurant. They're sitting across from each other, laughing and having fun.

Panel 2: A little closer in, we can see that the girl is using a finger to put her hair behind her ears in a semi-sexual/flirtatious way.

Panel 3: We're at a veterinary office. A doctor is handing the dog over to Jeremy. (He's holding it with both hands—the dog's leg is now bandaged.)

Panel 4: Jeremy holds the dog and it licks his face.

Panel 5: Jeremy drops the cone on the ground in disgust.

Panel 6: A shot from the ground. In the foreground, the upside cone is covered with crawling bugs. In the background, we can see Jeremy's feet advancing through his house. (He's headed toward the kitchen.)

ICE CREAM MAN

Issue 6, “Strange Neapolitan”

PAGE FIFTEEN

Panel 1: Aerial view of Jeremy and Rachel's bed. Rachel is sleeping, but Jeremy is awake, looking over at the baby monitor on Rachel's bedside table—it's making noise.

Panel 2: A shot from next to the crib. The corner of the crib is in the foreground (we can't see the baby inside), and in the background Jeremy opens the door of the baby's room, looking curiously toward the baby's crib.

Panel 3: A shot of the baby inside the crib. He's sitting up, crying, and black goop is falling from its eyes, out of its nose, out of its ears. The goop pools on the crib sheets.

Panel 4: Jeremy is walking the dog down one of our suburban streets. He passes a telephone pole, which has a sign pasted on it that we can't see.

Panel 5: Jeremy stops in his tracks, looking back at the sign on the pole.

Panel 6: We reveal the sign: It says “Lost Dog” and shows a picture of Triptych. Underneath the picture, it says “If found, please call 555-5555”

Panel 7: A side shot of Jeremy walking down one of our suburban streets. In the road next to him, a white van with no windows is driving along slowly.

Panel 8: As Jeremy walks, a dark figure comes out of the van's side door. We can't make out too many detail yet—all-black “robber” clothing, maybe a black ski mask. He's got a rag in one hand.

Panel 9: The figure comes from behind Jeremy and puts the rag over his mouth, causing Jeremy to pass out.

ICE CREAM MAN

Issue 6, “Strange Neapolitan”

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

Panel 1: Jeremy pulls a blanket over his drunk wife. He loves her.

Panel 2: Same shot, but the blanket is on Rachel, and Jeremy stands over her, half-smiling, half-frowning.

Panel 3: A shot from the ground, from behind: Jeremy walks through the cabin, holding a cup of coffee, heading toward the open front door. At his feet, the almost-dead Triptych follows slowly behind him.

Panel 4: A shot of the cabin again. This time, we can see Jeremy exiting from the front door, making his way to the wooden rocking chair on the porch.

Panel 5: The bird man is holding the bird in his hands, looking at it and smiling. BUT, he's no longer wearing the mask here—he's revealed to be the ICM (wearing his hat), grinning down at the little creature. The bird here is just staring right back at him.

Panel 6: Same basic shot, but the bird SQUAWKS.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

Note: This page is 3 equal-sized VERTICAL panels, going from left to right. They're all going to show Jeremy “sitting.”

Panel 1: Jeremy in the lounge chair next to the couch. He's got the bottle of whiskey in one hand, and the picture of the baby in the other, sort of laying it on his lap.

Panel 2: Jeremy in the rocking chair, the old dog curled up in his lap, its eyes closed. He rubs the dog's neck.

Panel 3: Jeremy still tied up in the chair, dead as a doornail with a hole in his chest and leg/thigh.

TEXT (across all): ONE WAY OR ANOTHER

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

Once again, 3 equal-sized VERTICAL panels, but they're just filled with solid colors—representative of our 3 different “timelines.”



Ice Cream Man—the critically acclaimed comic series of not-so-sweet singular stories—continues here with four more tales of woe and wonder.

Listen to the ballad of a falling man; experience a three-flavored silent meditation; follow a young girl's quest with her dead best friend; breathe in a potpourri of suburban emergencies.

A veritable sundae of human suffering, this second volume collects issues 5-8 of the feel-bad series of the moment from Eisner-nominated writer **W. Maxwell Prince** (*ONE WEEK IN THE LIBRARY*, *The Electric Sublime*), artist **Martin Morazzo** (*She Could Fly*, *The Electric Sublime*), and colorist **Chris O'Halloran** (*Lockjaw*, *The Punisher*).

"Prince's work ups the ante with a precisely crafted page-turner, sporting crisp line work by Morazzo and the dreamlike colors of O'Halloran."

—*Publishers Weekly*

"This series is an achievement in design and imagination, and it is incredibly good."

—*The Oregonian*

"We loved it like we love mint chocolate chip ice cream, which is to say we loved it a lot."

—*Nerdist*

"You'll want a scoop of this comic because we're in for a treat."

—*Geek.com*

"Easily one of the most unsettling comics on stands today...you'll never look at your double-scoop the same way again."

—*Vulture*

"...the interplay between Prince's sparsely written but terrifying stories and Morazzo's evocative art will have you questioning everything."

—*Amazon Book Review*



Horror
Rated **M** / Mature

Collects ICE CREAM MAN 5-8

